Koviloor Acadamy

"THE A.L." No. 41.
(Twelfth Edition.)

BRIGHT STORY READERS.

Grade IV.

502

THE Christmas Stocking.

By Miss WETHERELL.

Prepared by FRANCES GLEDHILL.

Printed in England.

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THE "A.L." BRIGHT STORY READERS.

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The "A.L."
Bright Story Reader, No. 41.
Edited by Alfonzo Gardiner.

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ஹிந்து மதாபிமான சங்கம்
காரைக்குடி.

ராமகிருஷ்ண வாசகசாலை
ரு. த. மீ நி.
காரைக்குடி.

502

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

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ராமகிருஷ்ண
விவேகானந்தர் சங்கம்
காரைக்குடி.

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ஊர் .....
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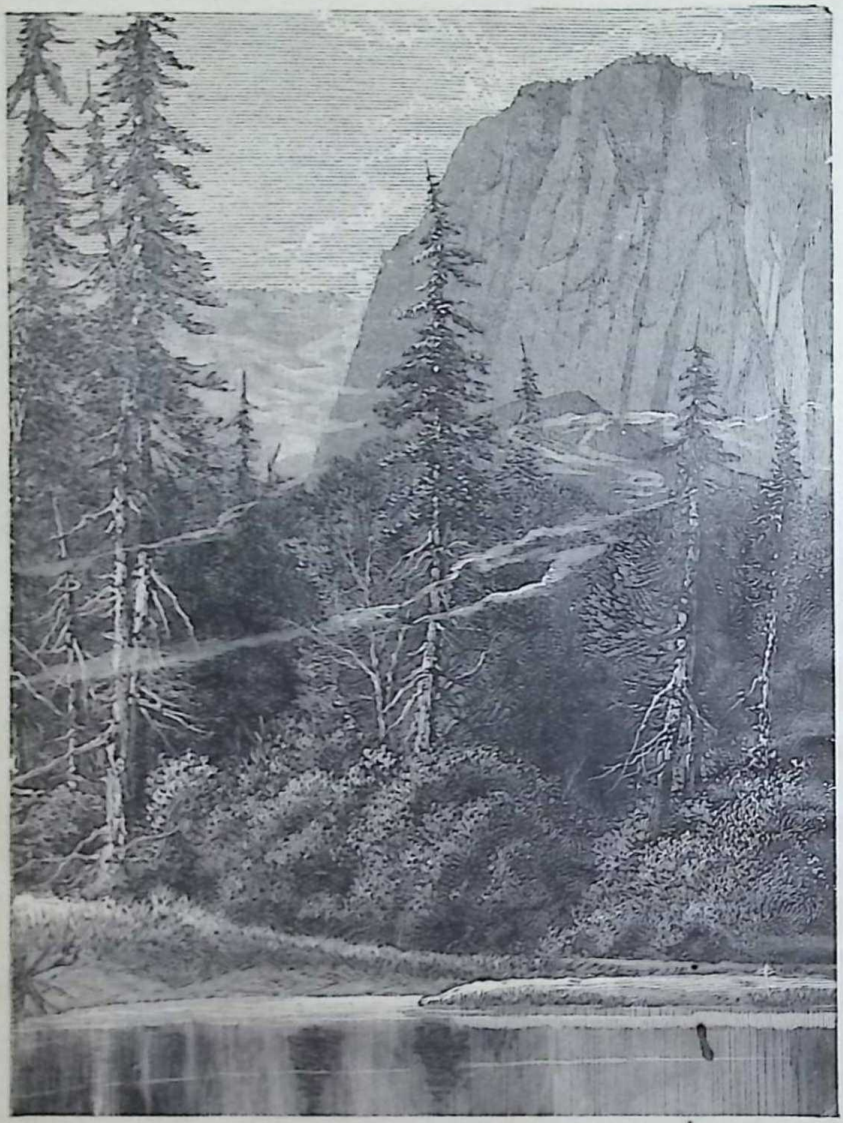

'TALL PINES LIKE A SHIP'S MAINMAST.'—*Page 69.*

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THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING, *and the* Tales its Contents Told. By Miss Wetherell.

Prepared for Pupils' Use by FRANCES GLEDHILL.

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Educational Publishers,
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NOTE.

For the meaning of words which are not found in the Notes at the end of the book, the pupil should refer to the "**A.L.**" **Scholar's English Dictionary,** 100 pp., which contains nearly 14,000 words.

The **Modern Dictionary,** 800 pp., containing 49,180 words, 2,057 phrases, 832 foreign words and phrases, 791 abbreviations, including a 24-page supplement of new and additional words and phrases, and an 8-page appendix of classical and mythological names, will be found a valuable school-aid both in reading this book, and for general reading.

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THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

AND

THE TALES ITS CONTENTS TOLD.

SANTA CLAUS.

WHEREVER Santa Claus[1] lives, and in whatever spot of the universe[2] he harnesses his reindeer[3] and loads up his sleigh,[4] one thing is certain—he never yet put anything into that sleigh for little Carl Krinken.

Nevertheless, Carl always hung up his stocking, and generally had it filled—though not from any sleigh load of wonderful things; and he often amused himself on Christmas Eve, with dreaming that he had made himself sick with eating candy,[5] and that they had a pile of mince pies as high as the house.

He was always contented too with what he found in his stocking; while some of his rich little neighbours had theirs filled only to their hearts' *dis*content, and fretted because they got what they did not want, or for something that they had not got.

But when Carl once found in his stocking a little board nailed upon four reels for wheels, and with nothing better than a long piece of twine to draw it with, *his* little tongue ran as fast as the reels, and he had brought his mother a very small load of chips in less than five

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minutes. And a small cake of maple sugar[1] which somehow once found its way to the same toe, was a treasure quite too great to be weighed; though it measured only an inch and a half across.

"Wife," said John Krinken, "what shall we put into little Carl's stocking to-night?"

"Truly," said his wife, "I do not know. But we must find something, though there is little in the house."

John Krinken and his wife lived on the coast, where they could hear every winter storm rage and beat, and where the wild sea sometimes brought wood for them, and laid it at their very door. It was a drift-wood[2] fire by which they sat now, this Christmas Eve; and in front of the fire sat John Krinken on an old box, making a fishing-net, while a splinter-chair[3] upheld Mrs. Krinken and a half-mended red flannel shirt. An old chest, between the two, held patches and balls of twine; and the fire was their only light.

"We must find something," repeated John; and, pausing with his netting-needle half through the loop, he looked round towards one corner of the hut.

A clean, rosy, little face, and a very glossy set of thick curls rested there, in the very middle of the thin pillow and the hard bed; while the coverlet of blue check[4] was tucked round and in, lest the drift-wood fire should not do its duty at that distance.

John Krinken and his wife took a long look, and then returned to their work.

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"You've got the stocking, wife?" said John, after a pause.

"Ay," said his wife, "it is easy to find something to fill."

"Fetch it out then, and let us see how much it will take to fill it."

Mrs. Krinken rose, and, going to one of the two little cupboards, she brought out a large iron key. Then, having placed the patches and thread upon the floor, she opened the chest, and rummaged out a long, gray, woollen stocking, with a white toe and heel, and various darns in red. Then she locked the chest again, and sat down as before.

"The same old thing," said John Krinken, with a glance at the stocking.

"Well," said his wife, "it's the only stocking in the house that is long enough."

"I know one thing he shall have in it," said John; and he got up and went to the other cupboard and fetched from it a large piece of cork. "He shall have a boat that will float like one of Mother Carey's chickens."[1] And he began to cut and shape with his large clasp-knife,[2] while the little heap of chips on the floor between his feet grew larger, and the cork grew more and more like a boat.

His wife laid down her hand, which was in the sleeve of the red jacket, and watched him.

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"It will never do to put that in first," she said; "the masts would be broken. I think I'll fill the toe of the stocking with apples."

"And where will you get apples?" said John Krinken, shaping the keel of his boat.

"I've got them," said his wife; "three rosy-cheeked apples. Last Saturday, as I came from market, a man went by with a load of apples; and as I came on, I found that he had dropped three out of his waggon. So I picked them up."

"Three apples," said John. "Well, I'll give him a penny to fill up the chinks."[1]

"And I've got an old purse that he can keep it in," said the mother.

"How long do you suppose he will keep it?" said John.

"Well, he'll want to put it somewhere while he does keep it," said Mrs. Krinken. "The purse is old, but it was handsome once, and it will please the child, anyway."

So when the boat was done, Mrs. Krinken brought out the apples and slipped them into the stocking. Then the purse went in, and the penny—which, of course, ran all the way down to the biggest red darn of all, in the very toe of the stocking.

But there was still abundance of room left.

"If one only had some sugar things," said Mrs. Krinken.

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"Or some nuts," said John.

"Or a book," rejoined his wife: "Carl takes to his book wonderfully."

"Yes," said John, "all three would fill up in fine style; but as we have not got them we will put in the old pine-cone."[1]

So the old, sharp-pointed pine-cone and the cork boat followed the rest, and the fisherman and his wife followed them up with a great deal of love and a blessing.

And then the stocking was quite full.

It was midnight, and the fire had long been covered up. John Krinken and his wife were fast asleep, and little Carl was in the midst of the hard bed and his sweet dreams as before. The stocking hung by the side of the little fireplace, as still as if it had never walked about in its life, and not a sound could be heard but the beat of the surf[2] upon the shore and an occasional sigh from the wind; for the wind is always melancholy[3] at Christmas.

But just at midnight there was another noise heard—as somebody says—

"You could hear on the roof
The scraping and prancing of each little hoof;"

and down came Santa Claus through the chimney.

He must have set out very early that night, to have so much time to spare, or perhaps he was cold in spite of his furs. He came empty-handed though, for he had no business to do there. But the first thing he did was to examine the stocking and its contents.

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At some of the articles he laughed, and at some he smiled, but most of all did he look pleased over the love that filled up all the spare room in the stocking.

Then Santa Claus put all the things back just as he had found them, and stood smiling to himself for a minute, with his hands on his sides and his back to the fire. Then, tapping the stocking with a little stick[1] that he carried, he bent down over Carl, whispered some words in his ear, and went off up the chimney.

"Christmas day in the morning!" And what a day it was! One of the first things the sun did was to walk in at the hut window and look at little Carl Krinken. Then it laid a warm hand upon his little face, and Carl had hardly smiled away the last bit of his dream before he started up in bed and shouted—

"Merry Christmas!"

Then he bounded out of bed and stood alone upon the floor.

The floor felt cold, very; Carl's toes curled up out of the way, and he tried standing on his heels. Then he scampered across the floor and began to feel at the stocking, beginning at the top.

It was plain enough what the boat was, but the other things puzzled him till he got to the foot of the stocking; and his feet being by that time very cold (for both toes and heels had rested on the floor in his eagerness), Carl seized the stocking in both hands and scampered back to bed again; screaming out, "Apples! apples! apples!"

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His mother being now awakened by his clambering over the bed to her, she gave him a kiss, and a "Merry Christmas!" and got up. As his father did the same, Carl was left in undisturbed possession[1] of the warm bed. There he laid himself down as snug as could be, with the long stocking by his side, and began to pull out and examine the things one by one, after which each article was laid on the counterpane[2] outside.

"Well, my boy, how do you like your things?" said Mrs. Krinken, coming up to the bed just when Carl and the empty stocking lay side by side.

"First-rate!" said Carl. "Mother, I dreamed last night that all my presents told me stories. Wasn't it funny?"

"Yes; I suppose so," said his mother, as she walked away to turn the fish that was broiling.[3] Carl lay still and looked at the stocking.

"Where did you come from, old stocking?" said he.

"From England," said the stocking very softly.

Carl started up in bed, and looked between the sheets, and over the counterpane, and behind the headboard;[4] there was nothing to be seen. Then he shook the stocking as hard as he could, but something in it struck his hand, rather hard too.

Carl laid it down and looked at it again, and then, cautiously[5] putting in his hand, he, with some difficulty, found his way to the very toe; there lay the penny, just

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where it had been all the time, upon the largest of the red darns.

"A penny!" cried Carl. "Oh, I suppose it was you who were talking, wasn't it?"

"No," said the penny. "But I can talk."

"Do you know where *you* came from?" said Carl, staring at the penny with all his eyes.

"Certainly," said the penny.

"I dreamed that everything in my stocking told me a story," said Carl.

"So we will," said the penny. "Only to you. To nobody else."

Carl shook his head very gravely, and having slipped the penny into the little old purse, he put everything into the stocking again, and jumped out of bed; for the drift-wood fire was blazing up to the very top of the little fireplace, and breakfast was almost ready upon the old chest, which served as a table.

But as soon as breakfast was over, Carl carried the stocking to one corner of the hut where stood another old chest; and laying out all his treasures[1] thereon, he knelt down before it.

"Now begin," he said. "But you mustn't all talk at once; I think I will hear the apples first, because I might want to eat them up. I don't care which begins."

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THE STORY OF THE THREE APPLES.

"I TAKE upon myself the task of relating[1] our joint history,"[2] said the largest of the three apples, "because I am, perhaps, the fairest-minded[3] of us all. My younger sister Half-ripe has not yet come to perfection, and my little brother Knerly is somewhat sour, and therefore less likely to put things in a pleasant light. My own name is Beachamwell."

At this opening the two smaller apples rolled over in an uncomfortable sort of way, but said nothing.

"As for me," continued Beachamwell, "I always looked to the South, and tried to perfect myself in every quality that an apple should have. You perceive[4] not only the fine roundness of my shape, but also the perfect and equal colour of my cheeks. My stem is smooth and erect, and my eye exactly in a line with it; and if I could be cut open this minute I should be found true to my heart's core."

"You'd better not say any more about yourself at present, Beachamwell," said Carl, "because I might eat you up before you got through your story, and that would be a pity. Let me hear about Half-ripe and Knerly."

"My sister Half-ripe," said Beachamwell, "should have been as good as I, but, instead of coming out into the warm sunshine, she has always sat under the shade

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of a bunch of leaves. In part though, she could not help doing credit[1] to her family, for one of her cheeks has the proper colour, but the other shows the true pale-green tint of study; and even the seeds within her are but half matured;[2] but mine will be found as dark as"——

"As the chimney-back?" said Carl.

"They are not exactly that colour," replied Beachamwell, "being in fact more like mahogany."[3]

"Well, I never saw any of that," said Carl, "so you don't tell me much. Never mind—I shall know when I cut you up. Now, be quick, and tell about Knerly; and then give me all the history of your great, great, great grandfather apple."

"Knerly," said Beachamwell, "was a little cross-grained[4] from the very bud. Before he had cast off the light pink dress, which we apples wear in our early youth, the dark spot might be seen. Some poisonous sting may have pricked him in that first part of his life, and the result is, as I have said, some hardness of heart and sourness of disposition.[5] As you see, he has not become soft under the sun's influence, though in the sunlight all his life; and it is doubtful whether he ever will get a scrap of the true Beachamwell colour. There are, however, good spots in Knerly; and even Half-ripe can be sweet if you only get to the right side of her."

"I'll be sure to do that," said Carl, "for I shall go all round. Come, go on."

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"Unfortunately," said Beachamwell, "I cannot tell you much about my ancestors.[1] But I will tell you what I know.

A number of years ago, one Thanksgiving Eve,[2] Widow Penly was washing up the tea things, and her little boy, Mark, sat looking at her.

"I wish we could keep Thanksgiving, Mother," said he.

"Why, so we will," said his mother.

"But how?" said Mark, with a very brightened face. "What will you do, mother?"

"I'll make you some pies—if I can get anything to make them of," said Mrs. Penly.

"Ah, but you can't," said Mark, and his face fell again. "There are not even any potatoes in the house. You used to make potato pies, didn't you, mother, when father forgot to bring home the pumpkin?"[3]

"Yes," said Mrs. Penly, but as if she scarce heard him; for she was thinking of other Thanksgiving Days when her husband was with her.

"So what will you do, mother?" repeated little Mark, when he had watched her again for a few minutes.

"Do," said the widow, rousing herself. "Why, my dear, if we cannot make any pies we will keep Thanksgiving without them."

"I don't think one can keep Thanksgiving without *anything*," said Mark, a little fretfully.

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"Oh, no," said his mother, "neither do I; but don't you think we could keep Thanksgiving for at least *one* day with only the blessings we have, such as life, and health, and love, and thankfulness?"

"Why, yes," said Mark, "I suppose we could, mother —though I wasn't thinking of that."

It did occur to Mrs. Penly, though, as she glanced at the child, that his cheeks were not very fat, nor his dress very thick; and that a greater plenty of pies and other good things might make him look better.

"I am sure we have a great many good things, Mark," she said cheerfully; "don't you remember that barrel of flour that came the other day? and the molasses,[1] and the pickles? We have quite as much as is good for us."

Still Mark could not help thinking that they ought to have something special for Thanksgiving Day, though, at length, he made up his mind to make the best of what they had.

"Well," he said, the last thing before he got into bed, "we'll keep Thanksgiving, mother,—you and I; and we'll try to be as happy as we can without pies."

"We may have some pleasant thing that we do not think of," said his mother, as she tucked the clothes down about him.

"Mother!" said Mark, "there are a great many apples in the road by Mr. Crab's orchard."

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"Well, dear," said his mother, "they don't belong to us."

"But they're in the road," said Mark; "and Mr. Smith's pigs are there all day long eating them."

"We won't help the pigs," said his mother, smiling. "They don't know any better, but we do. I have cause enough for thanksgiving, Marky, in a dear little boy who always minds what I say."

Mark hugged his mother very tight round the neck, and then went to sleep.

But he woke up in the morning empty-handed. There were plenty of sunbeams on the bed, and though it was so late in November, the birds sang outside the window as if they had a great many concerts to give before winter, and must make haste.

Mark listened to them a while, and then he heard his mother begin to step in and out of the pantry. She was not setting the table, he knew, for that was always his work, and he began to wonder what they were going to have for breakfast. Then somebody knocked at the door.

"Here is a quart of milk, Mrs. Penly," said a voice. "Mother thought she wouldn't churn again before next week, so she could spare it as well as not."

Mark waited to hear his mother pay her thanks and shut the door, and then, having got dressed, he rushed out into the kitchen.

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"Is it a whole quart, mother?"

"A whole quart of new milk, Mark. Isn't that good?"

"Delicious!"[1] said Mark. "I should like to drink it all up. I don't mean that I should like to do so really, mother, only on some accounts, you know."

"Well, now, what shall we do with it?" said his mother. "You shall dispose[2] of it all."

"If we had some eggs we would have a pudding," said Mark, "a plum pudding. You can't make it without eggs, can you, mother?"

"Not very well," said Mrs. Penly. "Nor without plums."[3]

"No, so that won't do," said Mark. "It seems to me we could have made more use of it if it had been apples."

"Ah, you are a discontented little boy," said his mother, smiling. "Last night you would have been glad of anything. Now I advise[4] that you drink a cup of milk for your breakfast"——

"A whole cupful?" interrupted Mark.

"Yes, and another for your tea; and then you will have two left for breakfast and tea to-morrow."

"But then you won't have any of it," said Mark.

"I don't want any."

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"But you must have some," said Mark. "Now I'll tell you what, mother. I'll drink a cupful this morning and you shall put some in your tea; and to-night I'll drink some more and you shall have cream, real cream; and what is left I'll drink to-morrow."

"Very well," said his mother. "But now you must run and get washed and dressed, for breakfast is almost ready."

"Well, don't you set the table," said Mark, "because I shall be back directly; and then I can talk to you about the milk while I'm putting on your cup, and my cup, and the plates."

It would be hard to tell how much Mark enjoyed his cup of milk—how slowly he drank it—how careful he was not to leave one drop in the cup; while his interest in the dish of milk in the closet was quite as deep. Jack[1] did not go more often to see how his bean grew, than did Mark to see how his cream rose.

Then he set out to go with his mother to church.

When the service was over, and Mark and his mother were walking home again, they were overtaken by little Tom Crab.

"Come," said little Tom to Mark, "let us go and sit on the fence and eat apples. We shan't have dinner to-day till ever so late, because it takes so long to get it ready; and I am so hungry. What are you going to have for dinner?"

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"I don't know," said Mark.

"I know what we are going to have," said Tom, "only I can't remember everything. It makes me worse than ever to think of it. Come—let us go and eat apples."

"I have not got any," said Mark.

"Haven't got any!" said Tom, dropping Mark's elbow and staring at him—for the idea of a boy without apples had never before occurred to any of Mr. Crab's family. "Oh, you mean you have eaten up all you had in your pocket?"

"No," said Mark, "we haven't had any this year. Last year Mr. Smith gave us a basketful."

"Well, come along, and I'll give you some," said Tom. "I've got six, and I think three will do for me till dinner. Oh, Mark! you ought to see the goose roasting in our kitchen? I'll tell you what—I think I may as well give you the whole six, because I can run home and get some more; and I might as well be at home too, for they might have dinner earlier than they meant to have it."

And filling Mark's pockets out of his own, Tom ran off.

"It so happened," said Beachamwell, turning herself round with a tired air when she got to this point in her story, "it so happened, that Mark, having stopped so long to talk with Tommy Crab, did not get home till

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his mother had her things off and the table-cloth laid; and then, being in a great hurry to help her, and a rather heedless[1] little boy besides, Mark laid his six apples upon the sill of the window, which was open.

The apples looked quite brilliant as they lay in the window; and as Mark ate his queer little Thanksgiving dinner of bread and a bit of corned-beef,[2] he looked at them from time to time with great pleasure.

But when it was almost time for the apples to come on table as dessert, Mark suddenly cried out, "Mother! where are my six apples?"

"Why, on the window-sill," said his mother.

"There are but five! there are but five!" said Mark. "I must have lost one coming home! No, I didn't either." And running to the window, Mark looked out. There lay the sixth apple on the ground, and his mother's two chickens were making *their* Thanksgiving dinner of it.

Mark could hardly keep from crying.

"It is *too* bad," he said, "when I had but six! The ugly things!"

"You called them beauties this morning," said his mother.

"But just see my apple," said Mark; "all dirty and pecked to pieces."

"And just see my little boy," said his mother, "all red and angry. Did you suppose, my dear, that, if the

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apples rolled off the window-sill, they would certainly fall inside?"

"I will take care, I'll never put anything there any more," said Mark, gathering up the five apples in his arms and letting them all fall again. But they fell inside this time, and rolled over the floor.

"You had better decide how many apples you will eat now," said Mrs. Penly, "and then put the others away in the closet."

"It is too bad!" said Mark. "I had but six; and I thought you would have three and I should have three."

"Well, you may have five," said his mother, smiling, "the chickens have got my part. And some good may come of that yet, if it only teaches you to be careful."

"Oddly enough," said Beachamwell, "some good did come of it. When the chickens pecked the apple to pieces, the seeds fell out, and one seed crept under a clover leaf, where the chickens could not find it. And when the snow had lain all the winter upon the earth, and the spring came, this little seed sprouted and grew, and sent down roots, and sent up leaves, and became an apple tree."

"How soon?" said Carl.

"Oh, in the course of years, by the time Mark was a great boy. And the tree blossomed and bore fruit; and from that time Mark and his mother never wanted

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for apples. He called it the 'Thanksgiving Tree;' but it was a true Beachamwell, for all that."

"But stay!" exclaimed Carl, catching hold of Beachamwell's stem in his great interest, "Mark isn't alive now, is he?"

"No," said Beachamwell, twisting away from Carl and her stem together. "No, he is not alive now, but the tree is, and it belongs to Mark's grandson. And the other day he picked a whole waggon-load of us, and set off to market; and we three were so tired of jolting about, that we rolled out and lay by the wayside. Thus it was that your mother found us."

"Well, that is certainly a very pretty story," said Carl; "but nevertheless, I'm glad my stocking was full. Now I will let you, Beachamwell, and Half-ripe, and Knerly, lie on the chest and hear the rest of the stories, for I like this one very much."

Carl was tired of sitting still by this time, so he went out and ran about on the beach till dinner time; and after dinner he went up to his corner again.

"Now, penny," said Carl, "it is your turn. I will hear you before the purse, so make haste."

"Turn me over, then," said the penny, "for I can't talk with my back to the people."

So Carl turned him over, and there he lay and stared at the ceiling.

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THE STORY OF THE PENNY.

"I CANNOT begin to relate my history," said the penny, "without expressing my astonishment at the small consideration in which I am held. 'I wouldn't give a penny for it!'—'It isn't worth a penny!' Such expressions we continually hear. Yet I was made to be a penny, I was wanted to be a penny, I was never expected to be anything else, therefore why should I be sad at being only a penny?

Only a penny! People cannot bargain so well without me, I can tell you. Just go into the market to buy a cabbage, or into the street to buy a newspaper, and let me stay at home; see how you will fare[1] then. Indeed, when there is a question about parting with me, I am precious enough in some people's eyes, but it hardly makes up for the abuse[2] I get from other quarters.

I shall not go into detail[3] with regard to my origin,[4] nor speak of the fire and water through which I passed in order to become a penny. Down in Cornwall, you will find what may be called my birthplace.

Neither shall I relate how I was pressed, and clipped,[5] and weighed, at the Mint,[6] nor speak of the first few times that I went to market and changed hands. My present history will begin with the pocket of a rich old gentleman, into which I found my way one afternoon, along with a large variety of the "circulating medium."[7]

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"You do use such big words!" said Carl.

"Because I have travelled a great deal," said the penny. "It is the fashion. But to return to the pocket.

What a pocket it was!

At the bottom lay a pocket-book, bursting with bank notes new and old. The purse in which I lay had one end for pence and the other for gold and silver; but with my usual love of bright company, when the old gentleman slipped me in among a parcel of dingy pence, I slipped out again, and ran in among the half-sovereigns.

If this part of my story teaches nothing else, said the penny, as he stared at the ceiling, it will at least show the folly of going out of one's proper place. Had I been content to lodge with the pence, I should have been set to do a penny's work—as it was I was made to do the work of shillings, for which I was totally unfit. It fell out thus.

The old gentleman walked quietly home, and when he rang his own door bell it was already quite dark. A dear little girl, dressed in a white frock and black apron, opened the door.

"Oh, grandpa," she said, "I am so glad you are come, because a little boy has been waiting here ever so long for five shillings."

"Well, my dear," said the old gentleman, "five shillings are worth waiting for."

"But he is in a great hurry to get home before dark, because he says the children have no bread for

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supper till he buys it," said the little girl. "He brought a pair of boots and shoes for you, grandpa, and his father is very poor."

"Is he?" said the old gentleman. "Then I am afraid my boots won't be mended properly. However, Fanny, my dear, you may take him the money for them, if you like."

"Shall I fetch you a light, grandpa?" said the child. "It is too dark to see."

"No, no—not a bit of it,—I know how a crown feels, well enough."

And, opening the most precious end of his purse, the old gentleman's thumb and finger drew forth *me*, and laid me in the little girl's open palm. The soft little hand closed upon me, and down she ran to the lower entrance.

"There," she said, "there it is. Grandpa has sent you a crown."

"This isn't a crown," said the boy, examining me. "He has made a mistake—this is only a penny."

"Oh, well, I will take it back to him, then," said the little messenger. "I suppose he could not see in the dark." And away she ran.

The old gentleman by this time was enjoying his slippers and the newspaper, between a blazing fire and two long candles in tall silver candlesticks.

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"Grandpa," said the child, laying her hand on his knee, "do you know what you did in the dark? You gave that boy a penny instead of a crown—was it not funny?"

"Hey! what?" said the old gentleman, moving his paper far enough on one side to see the little speaker, "gave him a penny instead of a crown? Nonsense!"

"But you did, grandpa," urged the child. "See here—he gave it back to me. It was so dark, you know, and he took it to the window to look; and he said directly it was only a penny."

"Which he had kept in his hand for the purpose, I'll warrant," said the old man. "Took it to the window, did he?—yes, to slip it into his pocket. He need not think to play off that game upon me."

"But only look at it, Grandpa," said the child, —"see—it is only a penny. I'm sure he did not change it."

"I don't want to look at it," said he, putting away her hand. "All stuff, my dear—it was as good a piece as ever came out of the Mint. Don't I know the feel of one? and did I not take it out of the end of my purse where I *never* put copper? Bad boy, no doubt—you must not go back to him. Here, William"—

"But he looked good, grandpa," said the child, "and so sorry."

"He will look sorry now, I'll be bound," said the old man. "I say, William!—take this penny back to that

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boy and tell him to be off with it, and not to show his face here again."

The command was strictly obeyed; and my new owner, after a vain attempt to move the man-servant, carried me into the street and sat down on the next door-step. Never in my life have I felt so grieved[1] at being only a penny, as then.

The boy turned me over and over, and looked at me and read my date, in a half-dazed sort of way, as if he did not know what he was doing; and I, alas, who could have told of his honesty, had no voice to speak.

At length he seemed to understand his loss, for, dropping me on the pavement, he sunk his head on his hands, and the hot tears fell fast down from his face upon mine. Then, in a sudden passion of grief and excitement,[2] he caught me up and threw me from him as far as he could; and I, who had been too proud to associate[3] with pence, now fell to the very bottom of a heap of mud.

As I lay there, half smothered, I could hear the steps of the boy, who, soon repenting his hastiness, now sought me—for I was better than nothing; but he sought in vain. He could not see me and I could not see him, as there was little but lamp-light to see by, and he presently walked away.

I am not good at reckoning time, said the penny, but I should think I might have lain there about a week, when a heavy shower arose one afternoon, or, I should

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rather say, came down; the rain washed my face for me, and left me almost as bright as ever, high and dry upon a clean paving-stone.

I felt so pleased and refreshed[1] with being able to look about once more, that I hardly thought of what next would become of me. Very wet and shiny I lay there, basking[2] in the late sunshine.

"I thought you said you were high and dry," said Carl.

"That is a phrase which we use," replied the penny.

As I lay there, I suddenly felt myself picked up by a most careful little finger and thumb, which had no desire to get wet or muddy. They belonged to a little girl about ten years old.

"You pretty penny!" she said—"how bright and nice you do look! and how funny it is that I should find you! I never found anything before. I wonder how you came here—I hope some poor child didn't lose you."

While she thus expressed her opinion of me, I was busy making up mine of her, and truly it was a pleasant one. Her cotton frock, which had once been of bright colours, was now faded into a sort of brown—water and soap, and long wear, had done this. But water and soap had also kept it clean, and a very little starch spread it into some shape, and showed it to the best advantage.

She had on a neat little sun-bonnet, and her face looked quite rosy.

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Her hair was brushed smooth, only, when she stooped to pick me up, one lock had fallen down from under the sun-bonnet, and her face was as simple and good as it could be. But I saw that her cheeks were thin, and that they might have been pale but for the pink sun-bonnet.

Suddenly she exclaimed—"Now I can get it! Oh, I am so glad!"

Now for the candy-shop, thought I, as she tripped along, till we came to a large grocer's shop. There she went in.

"Please, sir, will you let me have a pennyworth of tea," she said, timidly.

"Got sixpence to pay for it?" said one of the shopmen, to make the other shopmen laugh, which they did.

"No, sir, I have got this," she said, modestly[1] showing me, and giving me a kind glance at the same time. "It is only a penny, but it will get enough for mother, and she is ill, and wanted some tea so much."

The young men stopped laughing, and looked at the child as if she had just come out of the museum;[2] and one of them, taking down a canister,[3] measured out two or three good pinches of tea into a brown paper and folded it up. The child took it with a very glad face, laying me down on the counter with a joyful "Thank you, sir," which I by no means repeated; I wanted to go home with her and see that tea made. But we

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pence can never know all the good that we do in the world.

The shopman took me up and balanced[1] me upon his finger, as if he had half a mind to give the child back her money, and pay the sum of one penny into the till out of his own private purse. But habit won the day; and dropping me into the till, I heard him remark as he closed it, "I say, Bill, I have no doubt now that is a good child."

I had no doubt either.

We were a dull company in the till that night, for most of the money was old; and it is a well-known fact that worn-out coins do not talk much.

Some days passed away, when one evening a man came into the grocer's shop and asked for starch, and I was sent to make change.

The messenger was a man-servant, and with the starch in his hand, and me in his pocket, he soon left the shop and went whistling along the street. Then he put his other hand into the pocket, and jingled[2] me against the rest of the change in a most unpleasant manner—picking me up and dropping me again, just as if pence had no feeling.

I was glad when he reached home, and carried the change into the parlour. But what was my surprise to find that I was in the very same house from whence I had gone forth as a crown-piece!

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The old gentleman was asleep in his chair now, and a pretty-looking lady sat by, reading; while the little girl was playing with her doll on the rug. She jumped up, and came to the table and began to count the change.

"Two and sixpence, mamma—see, here are a shilling and two sixpences, and fivepence, and a new penny. Mamma, may I have this penny?"

"It is not mine, Fanny—your grandfather gave James the money."

"Well, but you can pay him again," said the child; "and, besides, he would let me have it, I know."

"What will you do with it, Fanny?"

"Don't you know, mamma, you said you thought you would give me one penny a month to spend?"

"To do what you liked with," said her mother. "Yes, I remember. But what will you do with this one?"

"Oh, I don't know, mamma—I shall see if grandpa will let me have it."

"Let you have what?" said the old gentleman, waking up.

"This penny, grandpa."

"To be sure you may have it! Of course!—and fifty more."

"No, she must have but one," said the lady, with a smile. "I am going to give her an allowance[1] of one penny a month."

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"Fiddle-de-dee!" said the old gentleman. "What can she do with that, I should like to know?—one penny—absurd!"[1]

"Why, she can do just the thirtieth part of what she could with half-a-crown," said the lady, "and that will be money matters enough for such a little head. So you may take the penny, Fanny, and spend it as you like; only I shall wish to be told about it afterwards."

Fanny thanked her mother, and holding me fast in one hand she sat down on the rug again by her doll. The old gentleman seemed very much amused.

From that time, whenever little Fanny went to walk, I went too, and she really seemed to be quite fond of me; for though she often stopped before the candy shops or the toy shops, and once or twice went in to look at some beads, yet she always carried me home again.

"Mamma, I don't know how to spend my penny," she said, one day.

"Are you tired of taking care of it, Fanny?"

"No, mamma, but I want to spend it."

"Why?"

"Why, mamma—I don't know—money is made to spend, is it not?"

"Yes, it is made to be spent—not to be thrown away."

"Oh, no!" said Fanny, "I would not throw away my penny for anything. It is a very pretty penny."

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"How many ways are there of throwing away money?" said her mother.

"O, mamma—a great many! I could not begin to count. You know I might throw it out of the window, mamma, or drop it in the street—or somebody might steal it; no, then it would only be lost."

"Or you might shut it up in your box and never spend it."

"Why, mamma!" said Fanny, opening her eyes very wide, "would it be thrown away then?"

"Certainly—you might just as well have none. It would do neither you nor any one else any good."

"But I should have it to look at."

"But that is not what money was made for. Your penny would be more really lost than if you threw it out of the window, for then some poor child might pick it up."

"How surprised she would be!" said Fanny, with a very bright face. "Mamma, I think I should like to spend my money so. I could stand behind the window-curtain and watch."

Her mother smiled.

"Why, mamma, do you think there would not be any poor child passing by?"

"I should like to see that day, dear Fanny. But your penny might fall into the grass in the courtyard,[1] or into the mud, or a horse might tread it down among

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the paving-stones; and then no one would be the better for it."

"But it is only one penny, mamma," said Fanny,—"it does not matter so much after all."

"Come here, Fanny," said her mother, and the child came and stood at her side. The lady opened her purse, and took out a little gold piece.

"What is this made of?" said she.

"Why, of gold, mamma."

"Think again."

So Fanny thought, and could not tell, while she leaned her head against her mother, and played with the little gold coin. Then she cried out, "Oh, I know now, mamma; it is made of a hundred and twenty pence!"

"Then, if every day you lose 'only a penny,' in one year you would have lost more than a sovereign and a half. That might do a great deal of good in the world."

"How strange that is," said Fanny. "Well, I will try and not lose my penny, mamma."

"Do you think, Fanny, that we do right if we waste or spend foolishly what has been given us to do good with?"

"No, mamma," said Fanny; and then she added, with a little sigh, "I won't get my beads, then."

"That would not be waste," said her mother, kissing her. "It is right to spend some of our money for harmless pleasure,[1] and we will go and buy the beads this very afternoon."

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So after dinner they set forth.

It was a very cold day, but Fanny and her mother were well wrapped up, so they did not feel it much. I was in the muff, held in Fanny's hand, all the time; and I was just wondering to myself what kind of a person the bead-woman would prove to be, when I heard Fanny say—

"Mamma! did you see that little girl on those brown steps? She had no cape, mamma, and not even a shawl, and her feet were all tucked up in her petticoat; and"——and Fanny's voice faltered—"I think she was crying. I did not look at her much, for it made me feel sad; but I thought so."

"Yes, love," said her mother. "I saw her. How glad I am that it is not my little daughter that is sitting there."

"O, mamma!"

Fanny walked on in silence for a few yards—then she spoke again.

"Mamma—I'm afraid a great many poor children want things more than I want my beads."

"I am afraid they do, Fanny."

"Mamma, will you please to go back with me, and let me give that little girl my penny? would she not be pleased, mamma? would she know how to spend it?"

"Suppose you spend it for her, Fanny. People that are cold are very often hungry, too—shall we go to the baker's and buy her something to eat?"

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"Oh, yes!" said Fanny. "Will you buy it, mamma, or shall I?"

"You, darling."

And when they reached the shop, Fanny looked round once more at her mother, and opening the shop-door with a pleased and excited[1] little face, she marched up to the counter.

"If you please, sir," she said, laying me down on the counter, "I want something for a very poor little girl."

The baker was a large fat man, in the whitest of shirt-sleeves and apron. He put his hands on his sides, and looked at Fanny, and then at me, and then at Fanny again.

"*What* do you want, my dear?" said he.

Fanny looked round to her mother, and then repeated her request.

"I want something for a very poor little girl, if you please, sir. She is sitting out in the street all alone." And Fanny's lips were trembling at the thought of it. Her mother's eyes were full, too.

"What will you have, my dear?" said the baker.

Fanny looked up at her mother.

"What would you like if you were hungry?" replied her mother.

"Oh, I should like some bread," said Fanny, "and I am sure the little girl would, too. But all those loaves are too big."

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"How would these do?" said the baker, taking some rolls out of a drawer.

"Oh, they are just the thing!" said Fanny, "and I like rolls so much. May I take one, sir? and is a penny enough to pay for it?"

The baker gave a queer little shake of his head, and searching below the counter for a bit of wrapping paper, he laid the two largest rolls upon it.

"A penny is enough to pay for two," he said. "Shall I tie them up for you?"

"No, thank you, sir, you need not tie it—if you will only wrap them up a little."

Then, as quickly as she could, she turned and ran out of the shop.

"What a nice little girl!" said Carl. "I think I should like to marry that little girl when I grow up—if I was good enough."

The baker went into the back room, continued the penny, to tell the story to his wife, and I was left alone on the counter; but I had reason to be well satisfied, for it was certainly the largest pennyworth I had ever bought in my life.

Next day, Mr. Krinken came in with a string of fish, and the baker gave me, with some other change, for part of them. That is the way I came here.

"I'll take good care of you, penny," said Carl, "and I won't spend you till I want something."

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THE STORY OF THE PURSE.

The next day, Carl had tired himself with a run on the sands. Then, as it was quite warm, he scampered off home, took the purse in his hand, and ran back the way he came.

He reached the beach, and then down he sat, stretched out his legs towards the sea, and put the purse down upon the sand between them.

"Now, purse," said he, "I'll hear your story. Come, —begin."

"I don't feel inclined for story-telling," said the purse. "I have been opening and shutting my mouth all my life, and I'm tired of it."

The purse looked very snappish.[1]

"Why, you wouldn't be a purse if you could not open and shut your mouth," said Carl.

"Very true," said the other; "but one may be tired of being a purse. I am."

"Why?" said Carl.

"My life is a failure."

"I don't know what that means," said Carl.

"It means that I never have been able to do what I was meant to do, and what I have all my life been trying to do."

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"What is that?" said Carl.

"To keep money."

"You shall keep my penny for me," said Carl.

"Think of that! A penny! anything might hold a penny. I am of no use in the world."

"Yes, you are," said Carl,—"to carry my penny."

"You might carry it yourself," said the purse.

"No, I couldn't," said Carl. "My pockets are full."

"You might lose it, then. It is of no use to keep, one penny. You might as well have none."

"No, I mightn't," said Carl; "and you must keep it; and you must tell me your story, too."

"You may lose me," said the purse. "I wish your mother had."

"No, I shan't lose you," said Carl; and he lifted up his two legs on each side of the purse, and slapped them down in the sand again; "I shan't lose you."

"It would not be the first time," said the purse.

"Were you ever lost?" said Carl.

"Certainly I was."

"Then how did you get here?"

"That is the end of my story—not the beginning."

"Well, make haste and begin," said Carl.

"The first place in which I was settled was a large fancy shop[1] in London," the purse began.

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"One day, a gentleman came in and bought me, but I did not stay long with him. He was travelling in some part of England, with a friend, riding over a wide, lonely plain one day, and they saw, at a little distance before them, a cow in the road, lying down across their path.

"Stapleton," said my master, "Let us clear that cow." "Can't your servant do that?" said Mr. Stapleton. "Do what?" said my master. "Clear that beast from the road," said his friend. "Pshaw!" said my master—"I mean, let us clear her at a bound. Leave her in quiet possession of the road, and let us take a jump over her back." "Suppose she took a stupid notion to get out of the way just as we are in hers," said Mr. Stapleton. "I don't suppose anything of the sort," said my master; "we shall be too quick for her."

With that they put spurs to their horses, but it happened that Mr. Stapleton's horse got the start and was a little forward. *He* cleared the cow well enough, but unluckily it gave her an impression[1] that just where she lay was a dangerous place to be in; and she was throwing up her hind legs at the very minute my master came to take the leap. He was flung over and over, he and his horse, over and under each other—I don't know how. I only know my master was killed.

His friend and his servant picked him up and laid him by the road-side; and while Mr. Stapleton went full speed to the nearest town to get help, the other stayed behind to take care of his master and do what could be done for him.

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But he very soon found that nothing could be done for him; and then, as nobody was in sight, he took the opportunity to do what he could for himself, by rifling[1] his master's pockets.

He had me in his hands a long time, taking out and putting in silver and gold pieces; afraid to keep too much, and not willing to leave a crown that might be kept safely; when a sudden step was heard near, and the bursting out of a loud whistle startled him. He jumped as if he had been shot, which was natural enough, as he was running a pretty good chance of being hanged.

I was dropped, or thrown behind him in the grass; and before the countryman who came up had done asking questions, the horses of Mr. Stapleton and his assistants were seen over the rising ground. They carried away my unfortunate master, and left me in the grass.

I hoped I should not stay there long, but I was picked up sooner than I expected. Before the evening had closed in, while the sun was yet shining, I heard the tread of light feet—somebody coming near the road and then crossing it. In crossing, this somebody came just upon me; and a kind sunbeam touching one of my silver points, I shone as brightly as I could.

People say it is dangerous to have bright parts; I am sure I never found it out. I shone so much, she could not help seeing me. It was a girl about fifteen or sixteen years old; very tidy in her dress, with a slight figure, and light brown hair nicely put back from her face, and that face a very quiet sweet one.

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She looked at me, inside and out, looked up and down the road, as if to see where I had come from, and finally put me in her pocket. I was very glad nobody was in sight anywhere, for I knew by her face she would have given me up directly.

She left the road then, and went forward over the common, which was a wide, lonely, barren plain, grass-grown, with here and there a clump of bushes or a low, stunted[1] tree. She was going after her cows, to bring them home; and presently, seeing them in the distance, she stood still and began to call them.

They left off eating as soon as they heard her; and then, after they had looked a little while, to make sure it was she, they set off slowly to come up to her.

We wound along across the common, my mistress and the cows, and I in my mistress's pocket, passing nothing in the shape of a house, but a large gloomy-looking building at some distance, which I afterwards found was a factory. A little way beyond this, not more than a quarter of a mile, we came to a small brown house, with one or two out-buildings. The house stood in a little field and the out-buildings in another little field, close beside it.

My little mistress opened a gate of the barn yard, and held it, while all the five cows marched slowly in. When she had shut the gate, she opened another small gate and went into the house.

It was the nicest place you ever saw. All was tidy and clean. The hearth looked as if you might have baked cakes on it.

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The girl stood a minute before the fire, and then went to the inner door and called, "Mother!"

A pleasant voice from somewhere said,—"Here!"

"In the milk room?"

"Yes."

"Look here, what I have found, mother."

"Can't look at anything just now, dear. Go along and milk, and I will hear you at tea-time."

Then my little mistress took up her pails and went out by another way into the cows' yard. And there she milked the yellow, sweet milk into the pails, from every one of the five cows she had driven home.

Mrs. Meadows took the milk pails at the dairy door, and my mistress came back into the kitchen to get the tea ready. She put up a leaf of the brown table, and set a tray on it, and out of one of the cupboards she brought two tea-cups and saucers; so I knew there were no more in the family. When the tea was ready, she made up the fire, and stood looking at it till her mother came in, and took off her apron. She was the nicest looking woman you ever saw.

"She wasn't as nice as my mother," said Carl.

The mother and daughter had a very cosy[1] tea; and I was laid upon the table, and my story told, or rather the story of my being found; and it was decided[2] that I should remain in the keeping of the finder, whom her mother rarely called anything but "Silky."

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"I am not going to put the purse away out of sight, mother," said Silky; "I am going to have the good of it. I'll keep it to hold my milk-money."

So my little mistress laid me on a shelf of the cupboard. But as she left the door a little way open, I could see them at work.

My business was to lie there on the shelf, and keep the milk pennies, and see all that was going on. Silky sold the milk.

After I had been on the cupboard shelf awhile, I saw there was one little boy who came morning and evening too. In the morning he fetched a halfpenny-worth, and in the evening a pennyworth of milk, in a stout little brown jug.

He was a small fellow, with a quantity of red hair, and was one of the poorest looking that came. He was always without a hat on his head; his trousers were fringed with rags; his feet bare of shoes or stockings. His jacket was fastened close up, either to keep him warm, or to hide how very little there was under it. Poor little Norman Finch! That was his name.

He had come for several mornings. One day early, just as Mrs. Meadows and Silky were getting breakfast, his little red head poked itself in again at the door with his little brown jug, and "Please, ma'am—a ha'p'orth."

"Why don't you get all you want at once, Norman?" said Silky, when she brought the milk.

"I only want a ha'p'orth," said Norman.

Koviloor Acadamy

"But you will want a pennyworth to-night again, won't you?"

"I'll wait for it till then," said Norman, casting his eyes down into the brown jug, and looking more dull than usual.

"Why don't you take it all at once, then?"

"I don't want it."

"Have you got to go home with this before you go to work?"

"No—I must go," said Norman, taking hold of the door.

"Are you going to the factory?"

"Yes, I am."

"How will your mother get her milk?"

"She will get it when I go home."

"But not this, Norman. What do you want this for?"

"I want it—she don't want it," said the boy, looking troubled,—"I must go."

"Do you want it to drink at the factory?"

"No. It is to drink at the factory. She don't want it," said Norman.

He went off. But as Silky set the breakfast on the table, she said—

"Mother, I don't understand,—I'm afraid there is something wrong about this morning's milk."

Koviloor Acadamy

"There is nothing wrong about it, my dear," said Mrs. Meadows, who had been out of the room. "It is as sweet as a cloverhead.[1] What is the matter?"

"Oh, not the milk, mother; but Norman Finch's coming after it in the morning. He won't tell me what it is for; and they never used to take but a pennyworth a day, and his jug is always empty now at night; and he said it *was* to drink at the factory; and that his mother didn't want it; and I don't know what to think."

"Don't think anything, dear," said Mrs. Meadows, "till we know something more. We'll get the child to tell us, poor little creature!"

"I don't think he can have a good home, mother. I am sure he can't. I'm afraid Mr. Finch is a bad man."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Meadows, "he sees very little of it. It's too much for such a morsel of a creature to work all day long."

"But they are kind at the pin factory, mother. People say they are."

"Mr. Carroll is a kind man," said her mother. "But nine hours are nine hours. Poor little creature!"

"He looks thinner and paler now than he did six months ago."

"Yes, and then it was winter, and now it is summer," said Mrs. Meadows.

"I wish I knew what he wants to do with that milk," said Silky.

Koviloor Acadamy

The next morning Norman was there again. He put himself and his jug only half in at the door, and said, somewhat doubtfully—

"Please, ma'am,—a ha'p'orth."

"Come in, Norman," said Silky.

He hesitated.

"Come!—come in,—come in to the fire; it is chilly out of doors. You are in good time, are you not?"

"Yes—but I can't stay," said the boy coming in, however, and walking slowly up to the fire. But he came close, and his two hands spread themselves to the blaze as if they liked it, and the poor little bare feet shone in the firelight on the hearth. It was early, very cool, and damp abroad.

"I'll get you the milk," said Silky, taking the jug; "you stand and warm yourself. You have plenty of time."

She came back with the jug in one hand and a piece of cold bacon in the other, which she offered to Norman. He looked at it, and then caught it, and began to eat immediately. Silky stood opposite to him with the jug.

"What is this milk for, Norman?" she said, pleasantly.

He stopped eating and looked troubled directly.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Carry it—home," he said, slowly.

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"Now?—home now? Are you going back home with it now?"

"I am going to take it to the factory."

"What do you do with it there?"

"Nothing," said Norman, looking at his piece of bacon and seeming almost ready to cry;—I don't do nothing with it."

"You need not be afraid to tell me, dear," Silky said, gently. "I'm not going to do you any harm. Does your mother know you get it?"

He waited a good while, and then, when she repeated the question, taking another look at Silky's kind, quiet face, he said half under his breath—"No."

"What do you want it for then, dear? I would rather give it to you than that you should take it in a wrong way. Do you want it to drink?"

Norman dropped his piece of bacon.

"No," he said, beginning to cry, "I don't want it —I don't want it at all."

Silky picked up the bacon, and she looked troubled in her turn.

"Don't cry, Norman,—don't be afraid of me. Who does want it?"

"Oh, don't tell;" sobbed the child; "my little dog."

"Now, don't cry," said Silky. "Your little dog?"

"Yes!—my little dog." And he sighed deeply between the words.

Koviloor Acadamy

"Where is your little dog?"

"He's up yonder—up at the factory."

"Who gave him to you?"

"Nobody didn't give him to me. I found him."

"And this milk is for him?"

"He wants it to drink."

"Does your mother know you get it?"

Norman didn't answer.

"She does not," said Silky. "Then where does the money come from, Norman?" She spoke very gently.

"It's mine," said Norman.

"Yes, but where do you get it?"

"Mr. Swift gives it to me."

"Is it out of your wages?"

Norman hesitated, and then said "Yes," and began to cry again.

"What is the matter?" said Silky. "Sit down and eat your bacon. I'm not going to get you into trouble."

He looked at her again and took the bacon, but said he wanted to go.

"What for?—it isn't time yet."

"Yes—I want to see my little dog."

"And feed him? Stop and tell me about him. What colour is he?"

Koviloor Acadamy

"He's white all over."

"What's his name?"

"Little Curly Long-Ears."

"What do you call him?—all that."

"I call him Long-Ears."

"But why don't you feed him at home, Norman?"

"He lives up there."

"And doesn't he go home with you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Father wouldn't let him. He would take him away, or do something to him."

Norman looked dismal.[1]

"But where does he live?"

"He lives up at the factory."

"But you can't have him in the factory."

"Yes I have," said Norman. "Mr. Carroll said he was to come in, because he was so handsome."

"But he will get killed in the machinery, Norman, and then you will be very sorry."

"No, he won't get killed; he takes care; he knows he mustn't go near the machinery, and he doesn't; he just comes and lies down where I am."

"And does Mr. Swift let him?"

Koviloor Acadamy

"He does let him, because Mr. Carroll said he was to."

"But your money — where does it come from, Norman?"

"Mr. Swift," said Norman, very dismally.

"Then doesn't your mother miss it when you carry home your wages to her?"

"No."

"She *must*, my child."

"She doesn't, because I carry her just the same as I did before."

"How can you, and keep out a ha'penny a day?"

"Because I get more now—I used to have fourpence-ha'penny a day, and now they give me fi'pence."

And Norman burst into a terrible fit of crying, as if his secret was out, and it was all up with him and his dog too.

"Give me the milk, and let me go!" he exclaimed through his tears. "Poor Curly!—poor Curly!"

"Here it is," said Silky, very kindly. "Don't cry —I'm not going to hurt you or Curly either. Won't he eat anything but milk? Won't he eat meat?"

"No—he can't."

"Why can't he?"

"He doesn't like it."

Koviloor Acadamy

"Well; you run off to the factory now, and give Curly his milk, and stop again to-morrow."

"And won't you tell?" said Norman, looking up.

"I shall not tell anybody who will get you into trouble. Run now!"

He dried his tears and ran, fast enough; holding the little brown jug carefully at half-arm's length, and his bare feet pattering over the ground as fast as his short legs could make them.

Silky stood looking gravely after him.

"I'm so sorry for him, mother!" she said. "This won't do; it is very wrong, and he will get himself into dreadful trouble besides."

"Poor fellow! we shall see, my dear;—we will try what we can do," said Mrs. Meadows.

The next morning Norman came again, and Mrs. Meadows was there.

"How is Long-Ears, Norman, and how are you?" she said cheerfully; but she did everything cheerfully.

"He's well," said Norman, looking a little doubtful at these kind words.

"And you are not well?" said Mrs. Meadows, kindly. "Suppose you come and see me to-morrow?—it is Sunday, you know, and you have no work—will you? Come bright and early, and we will have a nice breakfast, and you shall go to church with me if you like."

Norman shook his head. "Curly will want to see me," he said.

Koviloor Acadamy

"Well, about that do just as you like. Come here to breakfast—*that* you can do. Mother will let you."

"Yes, she'll let me," said Norman, "and I can go to see Long-Ears afterwards. You won't tell?" he added, with a glance of some fear.

"Tell what?"

"About *him*," said Norman, nodding his head in the direction of the factory.

"Long-Ears?—Not I! not a word."

So he set off, with a glance of pleasure lighting up his little face and making his feet patter more quickly over the ground.

"Poor little creature!" Mrs. Meadows said again most heartily, and this time the tear was standing in her eye.

The next morning it rained,—steadily, constantly. But at the usual time Mrs. Meadows and Silky were getting their breakfast.

"How it does pour down!" said Mrs. Meadows.

"I'm so sorry, mother," said Silky; "he won't come."

She had hardly turned her back to see to something at the fire, when there he was behind her, standing in the middle of the floor; in no Sunday dress, but in his every-day rags, and those wet through and dripping. How glad and how sorry both mother and daughter looked.

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They brought him to the fire and wiped his feet, and wrung the water from his clothes as well as they could; but they did not know what to do; for the fire would not have dried him in all the day; and to sit down to breakfast dry, with him soaking wet at her side, Mrs. Meadows could not. What to put on him was the trouble; she had no children's clothes at all in the house. But she managed.

She stripped off his rags, and tacked two or three towels about him; and then over them wound a large old shawl, fastening it over the shoulders in such a manner that it fell round him like a loose straight frock, leaving his arms quite free. Then, when his jacket and trousers had been put to dry, they sat down to breakfast.

In his old shawl wrapper, dry and warm, little Norman enjoyed himself, and liked very much his cup of weak coffee, and bread and butter, and the nice egg which Mrs. Meadows boiled for him. But he did not eat like a child whose appetite knew what to do with good things; he had soon finished; though after it his face looked brighter and more cheery than it had ever done before in that house.

Mrs. Meadows left Silky to clear away the breakfast things, and drawing her chair up on the hearth, she took the little boy on her lap and wound her arms about him.

"Little Norman," said she, kindly, "you won't see Long-Ears to-day."

"No," said Norman, with a sigh, in spite of breakfast and fire; "he will have to do without me."

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"Isn't it good that there is one day in the week when the poor little tired pin-boy can rest?"

"Yes—it is good," said Norman, quietly, but as if he were too much accustomed[1] to being tired to feel any rest from it.

After a while Mrs. Meadows spoke very softly. "Have you ever heard the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' my boy."

"Yes," said Norman, swinging one little foot backward and forward in the warm light of the fire; "I've heard it."

"What does it mean?"

"I know," said Norman.

"It means that we must not take what does not belong to us. Now, is it quite right for you to take your mother's money to buy milk for Long-Ears?"

"It *isn't* her money?" said Norman, his face changing; "and Long-Ears mustn't starve!"

"It is her money, Norman; all the money you earn belongs to her or to your father, which is the same thing. You know it does."

"But Curly must have [illegible]ing to eat," said Norman, bursting into tears. "Oh, don't tell! oh, don't tell!"

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Meadows, in a gentle voice, and she laid her kind hand on his head; "I am not going to tell; but I want you to be a good boy and to do what is right."

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Then in plain, simple language she tried to show the boy how wrong it was to steal, and how much better he would be if he tried to do the right thing; after which she read to him from the Bible. Norman listened gravely, and seemed not to weary of it at all, till she was tired and obliged to stop. He made no remark then, but sat a little while with a sober face. Then the fatigue[1] of days past came over him; his eye-lids drooped, and, slipping from Mrs. Meadows' lap, he laid himself down on the hearth to sleep. They put a cushion under his head, and sat watching him, the eyes of both every now and then running over.

And when the little sleeper awoke they lent all their attention to give him a pleasant day. He had a good dinner and a nice supper. His clothes were thoroughly dried; and Mrs. Meadows said, when she put them on, that if she could only get a chance on a week-day, she would patch them up comfortably for him.

Towards nightfall the rain stopped, and he went home dry and warm, and with a good piece of cheese, and a loaf of plain gingerbread under his arm. When he was all ready to set out, he paused at the door, and looking up at Mrs. Meadows, said:—"Thank you, ma'am!" Then he went out and closed the door.

The next morning they looked eagerly for him; but he did not come. He stopped in the evening as usual, but Silky was busy just then, and did not speak to him beyond a word. On Tuesday morning he did not come. At night he was there again with his jug.

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"How do you do, Norman?" said Mrs. Meadows, when she filled it, "and how is Long-Ears?"

But Norman did not answer, and turned to go.

"Come here in the morning, Norman," Mrs. Meadows called after him.

Whether he heard her or not, he did not show himself on his way to the factory next morning. That was Wednesday.

"Norman hasn't been here these three days, mother," said Silky. "Can it be that he has made up his mind to do without his halfpennyworth of milk for the dog?"

"Poor little fellow!" said Mrs. Meadows; "I meant to have given it to him; but I forgot to tell him on Sunday, and I told him last night to stop, but he hasn't done so. We'll go up to the factory, Silky, and see how he is, after dinner."

"And I'll carry a little pail of milk, mother."

"Well, dear, do."

After dinner they went, and I went in Silky's pocket. The factory was not a great distance from Mrs. Meadows' house, which stood about half-way between that and the town. Mrs. Meadows asked for Mr. Swift, and presently he came. Mrs. Meadows was a general favourite, I had found that out; everybody spoke to her civilly; certainly she did the same to everybody.

"Is little Norman at work to-day, Mr. Swift?"

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"Norman Finch?—yes, ma'am, he is at work," said the overseer;[1]—"he has not done much work, this day or so."

"He's not quite well, Mr. Swift?"

"Well, no, I suppose he isn't. He has not hard work neither; but he's a poor little mortal of a boy."[2]

"May we go in, sir, and see Norman for a moment?"

"Certainly," Mr. Swift said; and himself led the way.

Through long rooms and rows of workers went Mr. Swift, and Mrs. Meadows and Silky after him, to the one where they found little Norman. He was standing before some sort of a machine, folding papers and pressing them against rows of pins, that were held all in order and with their points ready, by two pieces of iron in the machine. Norman was not working briskly,[3] and he looked already jaded,[4] though it was early in the afternoon.

Close at his feet, almost touching him, lay the little white dog—a very little, and a most beautiful creature. Soft white curling hair, and large silky ears that drooped to the floor, as he lay with his head upon his paws; and the two gentle brown eyes looked almost pitifully up at the strangers. He did not get up; nor did Norman look round till Mrs. Meadows spoke to him.

"Hey, my boy, how are you getting on?" Mr. Swift said first, with a somewhat rough, but not unkind, slap across the shoulders. Norman shrugged his shoulders,

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and said, "Pretty well, thank you, sir,"—when he heard Mrs. Meadows' soft "Norman, how do you do?"

His fingers fell from the row of pin points, and he turned towards her, looking a great deal surprised and a little pleased, but with a very sober[1] face.

"Where have you been these two or three days?"

"I've been here," said Norman, gravely.

"How comes it you have not been for Long-Ears' milk these three days?"

"I—I couldn't," said Norman.

"Why?"

"I hadn't any money—I gave it to mother."

He spoke low and with some difficulty.

"What made you do that, Norman?"

He looked up at her.

"Because—you know—I could not steal."

Mrs. Meadows had been stooping down to speak to him, but now she stood up straight, and for a minute she said nothing.

"And what has Long-Ears done, dear, without his milk?"

Norman was silent and his mouth twitched. Mrs. Meadows looked at the little dog, which lay still in the same place, his gentle eyes having, she thought, a curious sort of wistfulness[2] in their look.

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Mr. Swift walked on.

"I've brought him some milk," whispered Silky; and softly stooping down she uncovered her little tin pail and tried to coax the dog to come to it. But Norman no sooner caught the words of her whisper and saw the pail, than his spirit gave way; he burst into a bitter fit of crying, and threw himself down on the floor and hid his face.

By and by the boy stopped sobbing, and was looking at Long-Ears and gently touching his curly head; who on his part was lapping the milk with such eagerness[1] as if he had wanted it for some time. Norman's tears still fell, but they fell quietly. By the time the little dog had finished the milk they did not fall at all. Till then nobody said anything.

"Come for it every morning again, my child," said Mrs. Meadows, softly; "I'll give it to you. What a dear little fellow he is! I don't wonder you love him. He shall have milk enough."

Norman looked up gratefully[2] and with a little bit of a smile.

"You don't look very strong, my boy," said Mrs. Meadows. "You don't feel quite well, do you?"

He shook his head, as if it was a matter beyond his understanding.

"Are you tired?"

His eyes gave the answer to that. "Yes," he said, "I'm tired."

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"Good-bye!" said Mrs. Meadows, "come to-morrow and you shall have the milk."

"Will you tell me about being good again, some day?" he inquired, wistfully.

Mrs. Meadows could hardly answer. She and Silky walked back without saying three words to each other; and I never saw Mrs. Meadows' eyes so full of tears as they were that afternoon and evening.

Norman came after that every morning for the dog's milk; and many a Sunday he and Long-Ears passed part of the time with Mrs. Meadows; and many a reading he listened to there, as he had listened to the first one.

He didn't talk much. He was always near his little dog, and he seemed quietly to enjoy everything at those times.

As the summer changed into autumn, and autumn gave way to winter, Norman's little face seemed to grow better looking, all the while it was growing more pale and his little body more slim.[1] It grew to be a contented, very quiet, and patient face, and his eye got to be unusually clear and open; though he never was a bad-looking child. "He won't live long," Mrs. Meadows said, after every Sunday.

It was not till some time in January that at last Norman stopped coming for milk, and did not go by to the factory any more.

Then, one cold evening, his mother came for the milk, and to say that Norman was very ill and would

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like to see Silky and Mrs. Meadows. She looked very miserable, and was wretchedly dressed. I thought Norman must have a sad home where she was. And his father must be much worse in another way, or his mother would not have such a look.

Silky and Mrs. Meadows got ready directly. Silky put me in her pocket, and wrapping themselves up warm with cloaks, and shawls, and hoods, she and her mother set out. It was past sunset on a winter's day; clear enough, but uncommonly cold.

It was not a long way; they soon came to the town, and entered a poor, straggling street in which were no good and comfortable homes.

Mrs. Meadows and Silky went down the street; and Silky was trembling all over by the time they stopped at one of these brick dwelling-houses and went in.

A man was there, sitting over the fire; a wretched tallow candle on the table hardly showed what he looked like. Mrs. Meadows spoke with her usual pleasantness.

"Good evening, Mr. Finch;—can I see little Norman?"

"Yes,—I suppose so," the man said in a gruff voice, and pointing to another door; "they're in yonder."

"How is he?"

"I don't know! Going, I expect." He spoke in a tone that might have been half heartless, half heartful. Mrs. Meadows stayed for no further questions. She left him there and went on to the inner room.

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It was so dark that hardly anything could be seen. A woman rose up from some corner—it proved to be Mrs. Finch—and went for the light.

The room was ill lighted, even when the candle was in it; but there could be seen two beds; one raised on some sort of a bedstead, the other on the floor in a corner. No fire was in this room, and the bed was covered with all sorts of coverings; a torn quilt, an old great-coat, a small ragged worsted shawl, and Norman's own poor little jacket and trousers. But on these, close within reach of the boy's hand, the little dog lay curled up.

Norman did not look much changed, except that his face was so very pale it seemed as if he had no more blood to leave it. Mrs. Meadows and Silky came near, and neither of them at first seemed able to speak. Mrs. Finch stood holding the light. Then Mrs. Meadows stooped down by the bed's head.

"Little Norman," she said, and you could tell her heart was full of tears,—"do you know me?"

"I know you," he said, in a weak voice, and with a little smile.

"How do you do?"

"Very well," he said in the same manner.

"Are you very well?" said Mrs. Meadows.

"Yes," he said. "I'm going now."

"What makes you think you are going, dear?" said Mrs. Meadows.

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"I can't stay," said Norman, shutting his eyes. He opened them again immediately. "I'm going," he said. "I'm so tired!"

Norman stroked and stroked his little dog's head.

"Poor Long-Ears," said he, faintly,—"poor Long-Ears!—I can't take care of you now. Poor Long-Ears! you are hungry. He hasn't had anything to eat since—since—mother!"

"He doesn't know how time goes," said Mrs. Finch, who had not before spoken. "The dog hasn't had a sup of anything since the day before yesterday. He must be hungry. I don't know what he lives on."

Silky had not said a word, and she did not now, but she brought out that same little tin pail from under her cloak and set it down on the floor. Norman's eye brightened. But the dog could not be coaxed to quit the bed; he would set only his two fore feet on the floor, and so drank the milk out of the pail. Norman watched him, almost with a smile. And when the dog, having left the milk, curled himself down again in his old place, and looked into his master's face, Norman quite smiled.

"Poor Long-Ears!" he said, patting him again with a feeble hand; "I'm going to leave you,—what will you do?"

"I'll take care of him, Norman," said Mrs. Meadows.

"Will you?" said Norman.

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"As long as he lives, if you wish."

Norman signed for her to put her ear down to him, and said earnestly,

"I give him to you—you keep him. Will you?"

"Yes, indeed I will," said Mrs. Meadows.

"Then you will have milk enough, dear little Long-Ears," said the boy, shutting his eyes.

Norman opened his eyes once more to look at them, and then shut them again. And he never opened them any more. It seemed that, having his mind easy about his pet, and having seen his friends, he wanted nothing more on this earth.

He just slumbered away a few hours, and died so, as quietly as he had slept. His little pale, meek face looked as if, as he said, he was glad to go.

Nothing but a degree of force that no one cared to use, could have moved Long-Ears from the body of his master till it was laid in the grave. Then, with some difficulty, Mrs. Meadows gained possession of him, and brought him home.

"Is that all?" said Carl, when the story stopped.

"All."

"What more of Mrs. Meadows and Silky?"

"Nothing more. They lived there, and took care of Long-Ears, and were kind to everybody, and sold milk, just as they used to do."

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"And what about Long-Ears?"

"Nothing about him. He lived there with Mrs. Meadows and Silky, and was as well off as a little dog could be."

"And is that all?"

"That is all."

"And how did you get here?"

"I've told you enough for this time."

"I'll hear the rest another time," said Carl, as he grasped the purse and ran off towards home; for it was nearly noon, and he heard his mother call to him from a distance that dinner was ready.

THE STORY OF THE PINE-CONE.

After dinner Carl was puzzled as to what story he would hear next. There lay the pine-cone, the cork boat, and the stocking, on the old chest, and there sat Carl on the floor beside them,—sometimes pulling his fingers and sometimes turning over the three remaining story-tellers, by way of helping him to make up his mind. As a last resort he was taking a thoughtful survey[1] of the ends of his toes, when a little shrill voice from the chest startled him; and the pine-cone began without more ado.[2]

"Whew!" said the North wind—"Whew—r—r—r—r!"

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The fir-trees heard him coming, and bowed their tall heads very gracefully, as if to tell the wind he could not do much with them. Only some of the little cones who had never been blown about a great deal, felt frightened, and said the wind made their teeth chatter.

"Do you think we can stay on?" asked one little cone; and the others would have said they did not know, but the wind gave the tree such another shake that their words were lost.

"Whew—r—r—r—r!" said the wind.

And again the fir-trees bowed to let him pass, and swayed from side to side, and the great branches creaked and moaned, and flung themselves about in a desperate kind of way; but the leaves played sweet music. It was their fashion whenever the wind blew.

"I think we shall have snow," said the tallest of the fir-trees, looking over the heads of his companions.

And that was true. For a few minutes the sun showed himself above the horizon, and then, after making a very small arch in the sky, down he went again. Then came the long afternoon of clear twilight: and the longer night, when the stars threw soft shadows like young moons, and looked down to see their bright eyes in the deep fiord that lay at the foot of the fir-trees. For this was on the north-west side of Norway; and the fir-trees grew by one of the many inlets of the sea which run far away for miles into the country, and are called fiords.[1]

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The mouth of the fiord was so narrow, and the overhanging trees were so thick, that you might have coasted along, backwards and forwards, without seeing the entrance; but to the country people it was well known and unmistakably marked out by one particular hemlock.[1]

The fiord itself was too beautiful to be described. It wound about from rock to rock, now washing gently at the base of a high mountain, and then turning and spreading out, bay-like, where the shore was lower and the hills stood aloof;[2] but everywhere overhung or nodded to by the great trees that looked as if they had known it since it was a mere rill—the beeches and oaks and hemlocks, the tall pines like a ship's mainmast; and most of all, by that glory of those forests—the Norway spruce fir.[3]

And the water was so clear.

Sailing along in a little boat you could look down, for twenty fathoms,[4] and see the smooth, white sand at the bottom.

In one of the narrowest parts of the fiord a little spot of cleared and cultivated land lay like a smile between it and the rough mountain. The little dwelling that there found a foothold was such a one as best suited the place.

It was built of great pine logs, roughly squared and laid one upon another, with layers of moss between; while every crevice and crack was well stuffed with the same. The roof was of boards, covered with strips of birch bark; and over all a coating of earth two or

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three inches deep in which a fine crop of moss had taken root.

The windows were large, and well glazed with coarse glass, while very white curtains hung within; and the door was painted in gay colours.

Other little huts or houses stood around, forming a sort of square, and furnishing apartments for the pig, the cows, and their winter provision;[1] while one, more carefully built than the rest, held all manner of stores for the family. Raised upon posts, that the rats might not enter, the little alpebod[2] kept safe the fish, the venison, the vegetables—even the cloth, the yarn, and sometimes clothing, of its humble owners.

In sight of the house, a little way down the fiord, was a wild ravine,[3] skirted on one side with a height of thick woods and rocks; while on the other the rocks stood alone—the sharp ridge rising up hundreds of feet to a ledge in some places not a foot wide.

This was all one could see in the valley; but the tall fir-trees looked at long ranges of wooded hills and rocky cliffs, with the fiord in its further windings, and beyond all the snow mountains.

"How cold you must be up there!" said a little pine who was nearly as high as the tall fir's lower branches.

"Yes, it is cold up here," answered one of the pine-cones—"and windy—and there is a great deal of sameness about it. It is just snow and rain, and wind and sunshine, and then snow again."

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"That is what it is everywhere," said the wind, as he swept by.

"I cannot help it," said the pine-cone—"I am tired of it. I want to travel, and see the world, and be of some use to society. What can one do in the top of a fir-tree? I will throw myself into the fiord some day, and go to sea. I have no doubt I could sail as well as a boat. It would be a fine thing to discover new islands, and take possession."

"It would be very lonely," said a squirrel, who was gathering beechmast.[1]

"Royally so," said the pine-cone. "There one would be king of all the trees."

"The trees never had but one king, and that was a bramble,"[2] said a reed at the water's edge who was well versed in history.

"What nonsense you are talking!" said the tall fir-tree at length. "My top leaf is at this moment loaded with a snow-flake—there is something sensible for you to think of."

At this moment the hut door opened and a woman came out.

She looked first at the weather, and then, going up to a line stretched between two of the fir-trees, she felt at some things that hung there to dry.

"I suppose that was her clothes line," said Carl.

"No, it was not," replied the cone—"I might rather call it her *bread* line. The things that hung there were

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great pieces of the inner bark of the pine-tree, and looked very much like sheets of foolscap paper."

"She did not make bread out of *them*, I should think," said Carl.

"Yes she did," replied the cone. "She made many a loaf of dark bread, by pounding the dry bark and mixing it with flour. It was not particularly bad bread either. So people say—I never tasted it. But the country folks in Norway use it a great deal in hard seasons; and in those woods you often meet great pine-trees that have been stripped of their bark, and that have dried and bleached in the weather till they look as if made of bone or marble.

"Well—the pieces of bark were dry, and Norrska[1] began to take them off the line."

"Who was Norrska?" interrupted Carl.

"The good woman that came out of the house. She took them down, and when they were all in a heap at the foot of the tree, she began to carry them off to the alpebod—that is the little storehouse I spoke of. Then she went back into the hut for a minute, and when she came out again she had on a long-sleeved gray woollen jacket, and her luur[2] in her hand."

"What's that?" said Carl.

"The luur is a long trumpet-shaped thing, made of hollow pieces of wood, or pieces of birch bark, tied together, and four or five feet long."

"What was it for?" said Carl.

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"Why you shall hear, if you will have patience," said the cone. "Norrska raised the luur with one hand, and putting her mouth to the little end there came forth from the other sweet and loud sounds, which echoed back among the rocks till they died away far up the mountain."

"But I say," said Carl, "what for?" And he took hold of the pine-cone and gave it a little pinch; but it was pretty sharp, and he let it go again.

The pine-cone settled himself down on the chest, looking just as stiff as ever, and then went on with his story.

Norrska sounded her luur twice or thrice, and presently the head and horns of a red cow showed themselves high up among the rocks. Then came in sight her shoulders and fore feet, and her hind feet and tail, and the whole cow began to descend into the valley; while a dun cow's head showed itself in just the same place and fashion. But when Norrska had once seen that they were coming, she ceased to watch them, and turned to the house again.

When the cows had reached the valley and stood quietly chewing the cud, Norrska fetched the milk pails and drove the red cow up to the milking corner. And as she went a snow-flake fell on her fore-head, and another fell on the top of her head; and the fir-trees sighed and bowed their heads to what they could not help. Norrska sighed too.

"The winter is coming," she said, "and the snow; and truly the alpebod is but poorly filled. And Snee-

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flocken[1] sick—and Laaft[2] not come home from Lofoden![3] —And Kline[4]—what can keep him?" And she looked towards the mountains.

Kline was there now—she could see him plainly enough, though he was but a little spot on that sharp ridge by the waterfall. The path itself was hard to find, as it wound about over and under and around the points of rock that met on the ledge. A stranger could scarcely have climbed it on hands and knees. Yet down there came Kline, sure-footed as a chamois[5]—swiftly down; and singing praises of the rocks, and streams, and woods, and snow as he came. But, before he reached the foot of the hill, Kline's song stopped—with the first look at the hut his thoughts had outrun his feet; and with a quieter step now, he came down into the valley and up to where his mother sat milking the red cow. In one hand was a gun, in the other a string of golden plovers.[6]

"How late, Kline, you are!" said Norrska.

"Yes, mother—I tried to get a shot at a reindeer. How is she?"

Norrska silently pointed to a snow-flake, which, falling on her hand as she talked, had lain for a moment in all its pure beauty, but was now melting fast away. She watched till it disappeared, and then, bending her head lower than ever, she resumed her work.

Kline stood silent and thoughtful.

"Perhaps not, mother," he said at length. "Her appetite has been better lately. See—I have these

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plovers for her to-night, and to-morrow I will have the deer. Think of my finding one in these parts!"

But his mother said no more, and when the pails were full, Kline took them from her and carried them into one of the little huts; and then, returning, he drove the cows into their little log dwelling, and taking up his birds and gun he walked slowly to the house.

Leaving both gun and birds in the kitchen, Kline opened softly the door leading to one of the bedrooms and went in.

The bed stood in a recess that had doors like one of your cupboards; but these now were open, and by the bedside was a little, white pine-table, and upon it a wooden bowl and spoon—all prettily carved. But Kline did not once look at them now, for something far prettier lay on the bed, and that was little Sneeflocken."

"What did they call her that for?" said Carl.

"Because that is the name of the snowflakes. And she was just as pure and fresh as they, and had never had the least bit of colour in her cheeks from the time she was a baby.

She was covered with a quilt made of down; for Kline had risked his life in climbing to the high difficult places where the eider-ducks[1] build their nests, that he might get the soft down which the mother duck plucks from her own breast to keep her eggs and nestlings warm. And Norrska had made it into a quilt, the warmest thing that could be—while the weight of it was almost nothing."

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And beneath this soft quilt Sneeflocken lay, with her eyes closed, and singing softly to herself a Norse hymn.

Kline had to step back into the shadow of the door of the recess, to wipe the tears off his face, before he could venture to speak to his little sister. But she spake first.

"Kline!"

"What, dear?" said her brother, coming forward.

"I thought I heard your step," said Sneeflocken, with a smile, and putting up her lips to kiss him. "Where have you been all day?"

"Oh, over the mountains—hunting," said Kline, as cheerfully as he could. "I saw a great reindeer, Flocken; and I mean to go and find him to-morrow. That would fill the alpebod finely, and you would like some venison—wouldn't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes," said Flocken, with a little smile; "but *I* wouldn't kill the deer for that."

"I would," said Kline. "And it would help mother, too."

"I should like to help mother, if I could," said Sneeflocken, putting her little thin hands together.

"Why, you help us all," said Kline; "just as the birds do when they sing, or the sun when it shines."

"Perhaps I shall by-and-by," said the child, smiling again in that grave, quiet way.

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"Yes, by-and-by, when you grow up to be a strong woman," said Kline.

"No, Kline," said Sneeflocken, stroking his face. "No, dear Kline—but by-and-by when I go to heaven. Perhaps God will let me help to take care of her then, and of you, too, Kline. But you will not know that it is your little Sneeflocken."

And Kline could only sit and hold her in his arms, and say nothing. The snow fell all that night, and the winter set in early.

Laaft, the father of Kline, got home from Lofoden with his stock of dried fish; and Kline himself had shot his reindeer; and both meat and fish were safely stowed in the alpebod.

"This is a very quiet way of life—ours," said the fir-trees, nodding to each other.

"I am very tired of it," said one of the cones. "It is very cold up here; and really in the dark one cannot see to do much."

"A fir glories in the frost, and the cold, and the snow," said the tall tree, proudly.

The beeches heard this speech, but were too frost-bound to make any answer.

"What became of the discontented pine-cone?" said Carl. "Did he throw himself into the fiord?"

"Yes," said the cone, "at least one night he tried to do so. But he fell on the shore instead—just dropped

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down at the foot of the fir-tree; and there Kline found him one day, and picked him up and carried him into the house to show Flocken—he was such a large one.

They watched little Flocken, by day and by night, through the long winter; but before the first spring days came, the little snowflake had melted away and sunk down into the brown earth.

They made her grave within the little grounds, just between the house windows and the mountain; where the fir shadows could touch it sometimes, but where the sunlight came as well. And within the little white railing that enclosed the grave, they placed an upright slab of wood, upon which Kline had carved her name, and beneath that, "*It is well.*"

The grass grew green and fresh there, and the little blue forget-me-nots that Kline had planted about the grave soon covered it with their flowers. And sometimes, when Kline stood there leaning over the paling, he almost fancied that it was not the soft spring wind which stroked his face, but the hand of his little Sneeflocken.

"Were you that discontented pine-cone?" said Carl, when he had sat for some time thinking over the story.

"Yes," said the cone, "and I was carried into the house as I told you. And then, because Sneeflocken had once held me in her little hand, Kline said he would keep me always."

"But I say!" said Carl, knitting his brows and looking very eager; "how did you get here?"

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"Because other people were as foolish as I was, and did not know when they were well off," said the cone. "For Kline was your mother's grandfather; and when he died, and she left her home to follow the fortunes of John Krinken, she brought the old pine-cone with her; to remember the tall fir-trees that waved above the old hut in Norway, and to remind her of Kline and little Sneeflocken."

THE STORY OF THE CORK BOAT.

"Now, my pretty little boat," said Carl, the next day, "you shall tell me your story. I will hear you before that ugly old stocking."

Carl was lying flat on his back on the floor, holding the boat up at arm's length, over his head, looking at it and turning it about. It was a very complete little boat.

"I shall teach you not to trust to appearances," said the boat.

"What do you mean?" said Carl.

"I mean, that, when you have looked at me, you have got the best of me."

"That is very apt to be the way with pretty things," said the stocking.

"No, it isn't!" said Carl. For he had more than once known his mother call him a "pretty boy."

"However that may be," said the boat, "I can't tell a story."

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"Can't tell a story! yes, you can," said Carl. "Do it at once."

"I have no story to tell," said the boat. "I was once of some use in the world, but now I am of none, except to be looked at."

"Yes; you are of use," said Carl, "for I like you; and you can tell a story too, if you have a mind."

"The pine-cone has had better experience,"[1] said the boat. "For me, I have always lived on the outside of things, ever since I can remember, and never knew what was going on in the world, any more than I knew what was going on inside of my old tree. All I knew was, that I carried up sap for its branches; when it came down again, or what became of it, I never saw."

"Where were you then?" said Carl.

"On the outside of a great evergreen oak, in a forest of Valencia.[2] I was a piece of its bark. I wish I was there now. But the outer bark of those trees gets dead after a while—and then the country people come and cut it off and sell it out of the land."

"And were you dead and sold off?" said Carl.

"To be sure I was. As fine a piece of cork as ever grew. I had been growing nine years since the tree was cut before."

"Well, but tell me your story!" said Carl.

"I tell you," said the little boat, "I have not any story."

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"When I was cut down, I was packed up and shipped off to England, and shifted from hand to hand, till John Krinken took it into his head, years ago, to make a sort of cork jacket[1] of me, with one or two of my companions; and I have been tumbling about in his possession ever since, but I shall never more be of any use. I shall try the water again, I suppose, a few times for your pleasure, and then probably I shall try the fire, for the same."

"The fire! No, indeed," said Carl, "I'm not going to burn you up. I am going to see you sail this minute, since you won't do anything else. You old stocking, you may wait till I come back—I don't believe *you* have got much of a story."

And Carl sprang up and went forthwith to the beach to find a quiet bit of shallow water in some nook where it would be safe to float his cork boat. But the waves were high, there was too much commotion on the beach to suit the little *Santa Claus*, as he had named her. So Carl discontentedly[2] came back, and set up the little boat to dry, and turned to the old stocking.

THE STORY OF THE STOCKING.

"It is too bad!" said Carl. "I have heard four stories and a little piece of one, and now there is nothing left but this old stocking!"

"I believe I will not tell you my story at all," said the stocking.

"But you shall," said Carl, "or else I will cut you all up into little pieces."

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"Then you certainly will never hear it," said the stocking.

"Well, now," said Carl, "what a disagreeable old stocking you are. Why don't you begin at once?"

"You would hardly think it, I dare say, but I did once belong to a very good family."

"So you do now," said Carl. "There never was anybody in the world better than my mother; and father is very good too."

"Yes," said the stocking again, "Mrs. Krinken does seem to be a nice woman, very neat about her house, and I presume[1] makes most excellent porridge. But you see, where I used to live, porridge had never even been heard of. I declare," said the stocking, "I can hardly believe it myself, I think my senses are getting blunted. I have lain in that chest so long with a string of red onions, that I have really almost forgotten what musk[2] smells like! But my Lady Darlington always fainted away if anybody mentioned onions, so of course the old squire never had them on the dinner table even.

"A fine old gentleman he was; not very tall, but as straight almost as ever; and with ruddy cheeks, and hair that was not white but silver colour. His hand shook a little sometimes, but his heart never—and his voice was as clear as a whistle. His step went cheerfully about the house and grounds, although it was only to the music of his walking-stick; and that was music, truly, to all the poor of the neighbourhood.

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"As for my lady, she was all stateliness, very beautiful too, or had been; and the sound of her dress was like the wings of a wild bird."

"I think I shall like to hear this story," said Carl, seating himself on his box and clapping his hands together once or twice.

"I dare say you will," said the stocking, "when I tell it to you. Well—

A great many years ago it was Christmas Eve at Squire Darlington's, and the squire sat alone in his wide hall. Every window was hung with ivy leaves and holly. Even the squire's high-backed chair was crowned with a bunch of holly-berry. There was no danger of their being in his way, for he rarely leaned back in his chair, but sat up quite straight, with one hand on his knee and the other on the arm of his chair. On that particular evening his hand rested on me; for I and my companion stocking had been put on for the first time.

He sat there alone in the wide hall, his eyes fixed upon the fire, waiting for the arrival of the Yule Log. For in those days the night before Yule or Christmas the chief fire in the house was piled up with an immense log, which was cut and brought in with great rejoicing and ceremony, and lighted with a brand saved from the log of last year. All the servants in the house had gone out to help to roll the log and increase the noise, and the fire of the day had burnt down to a mere heap of red coals; and the hall was so still you could almost hear the ivy leaves rustle on the old wall outside. I have no doubt the squire did hear them."

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"What did he stay there for?" said Carl. "Was he thinking?"

"He might have been," said the stocking—"indeed I rather think he was, or he might have been listening to the wind singing his Christmas song.

Then suddenly a door at the lower end of the hall flew open, and a boy sprang in, exclaiming—'Grandfather, it is coming!'

Almost as he spoke, a side door opened, and my lady glided in, her dress rustling softly as she came; while the wind rushed in after her, and tossed and waved the feathers in her tall head-dress.

There was heard a distant murmur of shouts and laughter, and young Edric clapped his hands and then stood to listen; and presently the whole troop of servants poured into the hall, from the same door at the lower end. All were dressed in the best and gayest clothes they had; the women wore ivy wreaths, and the men carried sprigs of holly at their button-holes.

First came a number bearing torches; then many others, rolling, and pulling, and pushing the great log, on which one of the men-servants, whimsically[1] dressed, tried to keep his seat; while every other man, woman, and child about the place, crowded in after.

Then the log was rolled into the great fireplace, and duly lighted; and everybody clapped hands and rejoiced in its red glow, and Master Edric shouted as loud as the rest.

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Soon the Yule Log was in full blaze, and the light shone from end to end of the hall; falling upon the bright floor and long row of servants and retainers[1] that were arranged around, and glossily reflected from the sharp holly leaves and its bright red berries.

As it snapped and crackled and blazed higher and higher, even so did the mirth of all in the great hall. They talked, and laughed, and sang, and played games, and not an echo in the house could get leave to be silent.

All of a sudden, in the midst of the fun, a little boy, dressed like Robin Redbreast in a dark coat and bright red waistcoat, opened one of the hall doors; and just showing himself for a moment, he flung the door back and an old man entered.

His hair was perfectly white, and so was his beard, which reached down to his waist. On his head was a crown of yew[2] and ivy, and in his hand a long staff topped with holly-berries; his dress was a long brown robe which fell down about his feet, and on it were sewed little spots of white cloth to represent snow.

He made a low bow to the squire and my lady, and when Robin Redbreast had discreetly[3] closed the door so that nothing could come in but a little wind, he began to sing in a queer little cracked voice—

'Oh! here come I, old Father Christmas, welcome or not,
I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot,
Make room, room, I say,
That I may lead Mince Pye this way.
Walk in, Mince Pye, and act thy part,
And show the gentles thy valiant heart.'

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With that Robin opened the door again, and another figure came in, dressed like a woman, in a dark purple gown bordered with yellow. A large apple was fastened on the top of her head, and she wore bunches of raisins at her ears instead of earrings; while her necklace was of large pieces of citron[1] strung together, and her bracelets of cloves,[2] and allspice,[3] and cinnamon.[4] In her hand she carried a large wooden sword.

"What was that for?" said Carl, who had listened with the most intense interest.

"Why to fight off the people who wanted to make her up into a real mince pie, I suppose," said the stocking. "She came into the room, singing—

'Room, room, you gallant souls, give me room to rhyme,
I will shew you some festivity this Christmas time.
Bring me the man that bids me stand,
Who says he'll cut me down with an audacious[5] hand.
I'll cut him and hew him as small as a fly,
And see what he'll do then to make his mince-pie.
Walk in, St. George.

'Oh in come I, St. George, the man of courage bold,
With my sword and buckler I have won three crowns of gold;
I fought the fiery Dragon, and brought him to the slaughter,
I saved a beauteous Queen and a King of England's daughter.
If thy mind is high, my mind is bold;
If thy blood is hot, I will make it cold.'"

"What did he want to do that for?" said Carl.

"Oh, in the days when St. George[6] lived," replied the stocking, "the more men a man killed the more people thought of him; and this man was trying to make himself like St. George. He had a great pasteboard

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helmet[1] on his head, with a long peacock's feather streaming[2] from the top of it, and a wooden sword, and a tin-covered shield on which were nailed clusters of holly-berries in the figure of a cross.

"As soon as he had sung his song, he began his fight with Mince Pye, and a dreadful fight it was, if one might judge by the noise. Mince Pye's sword became quite red with the holly-berries. But St. George let his shield take all the blows; and when Mince Pye had spent all her strength upon it, he thrust at her with his sword, and down she came."

"Who? Mince Pye?" said Carl. "Oh, that is too bad!"

"Mince Pye thought so too," said the stocking, "for she cried out—

'Oh, St. George, spare my life!'

Then said old Father Christmas—

'Is no Doctor to be found
To cure Mince Pye, who is bleeding on the ground?'"

"Was there any?" said Carl.

"There was somebody who called himself one. He came running into the hall the moment old Father Christmas called for him, and you never saw such a queer little figure. He had an old black robe, and a black cap on his head, and a black patch over one eye."

"What was that for?" said Carl.

"He had been curing himself, I suppose," said the stocking, "And if one might believe his own account, he was a doctor worth having.

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'Oh yes, there is a doctor to be found
To cure Mince Pye, who is bleeding on the ground.
I cure the sick of every pain,
And none of them ever are sick again.'

Father Christmas thought it must cost a great deal to be cured after that fashion, so like a prudent man he said—

'Doctor, what is thy fee?'

And the Doctor probably did not like to be questioned, for he answered—

'Ten pounds is my fee;
But fifteen I must take of thee
Before I set this gallant free.'

But as it was necessary that Mince Pye should be cured, Father Christmas only said—

'Work thy will, Doctor.'

Then the doctor took a bottle out of his basket, and began to dance and sing round Mince Pye.

'I have a little bottle by my side,
The fame of which spreads far and wide;
Drop a drop on this poor man's nose.'

And with that Mince Pye jumped up as well as ever."

"But that was not all," said Carl. "What else?"

"That was not quite all," said the stocking, "for another man came in with a great basket of dolls at his back and a tall red cap on his head. And he sang too—

'Oh! in come I, little saucy Jack,
With all my family at my back;
Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it does it brings good cheer,

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Roast-beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pie,
Who likes that any better than I?
Christmas makes us dance and sing;
Money in the purse is a very fine thing,
Ladies and gentlemen, give us what you please.'

Then Squire Darlington and my lady each took out some money, and Edric carried it to the masquers,[1] and as he had not any money himself he told them that he was very much obliged to them; and then they went off."

"What did they give them money for?" said Carl.

"Oh, they expected it—that was what they came for. People used to go about in that way to the rich houses at Christmas time, to get a little money by amusing the gentlefolks."

"I suppose they were very much amused?" said Carl, with a little sigh.

"Very much—especially Edric. And after they were gone he came and stood before the great fire and thought it all over, smiling to himself with pleasure."

"Edric," said my lady, "it is time for you to go to bed."

"Yes, grandmother—but I am afraid I can't go to sleep."

"Why not?" said Squire Darlington. "What are you smiling at?"

"Oh, we have had such a splendid night, grandfather!—the people were dressed so finely—and did not

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Mince Pye fight well? and was not the Doctor queer? and I am sure my stocking will be as full as *anything!*"

Squire Darlington drew the boy towards him and seated him on his knee while he spoke thus; and passing his hand over the young joyous head, and smoothing the brown hair that was parted—child fashion—in the middle of the forehead, and came curling down upon the lace frill,[1] he looked into Edric's face with a world of pleasure and interest.

"And so you have enjoyed the evening, dear boy?" he said.

"Oh, yes, grandfather!—so much! I am sure Christmas is the very happiest time of the whole year!"

Squire Darlington stroked down the hair again, and looked in the bright eyes, but with something of wistfulness now; and, without stirring his hand from the boy's head, his look went towards the fire.

"Grandfather, what is the matter? What makes you look grave?"

The Squire looked at him, and taking his hand in his own patted it softly against his face.

"The matter, my dear?" he said. "Why the matter is that Christmas has come and gone a great many times."

"But that is good, grandfather," said Edric, clapping his hands together. "Just think! there will be another Christmas in a year. Only a year. And we had one only a year ago—and such a pleasant Christmas!"

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"Only a year," repeated the old man, slowly. "No, Edric, it is only sixty years."

"What do you mean, grandfather?" said the boy, softly.

"Sixty years ago, my dear," said Squire Darlington, "there was just such a Yule Log as that burning in this very fireplace. And the windows, and the picture-frames—there were not quite so many then—were trimmed with holly-berries and yew from the same trees from which these wreaths have come to-day. And this old chair stood here, and everything in this old hall looked just as it does now."

"Well, grandfather?" said Edric, catching his breath a little,—and the wind gave one of its low sighs through the keyhole.

"Well, my dear—instead of one child on the floor"—and the old man drew the boy closer to him, "there were six,—as merry-eyed and light-footed little beings as ever trod this green earth."

"And where are they now, grandfather?" said Edric, under his breath.

"In heaven—the most of them," said the old man, solemnly. "But one couple remains of the six. Of those other dear children not one is left."

The old Squire was silent for a few minutes, with his eyes again turned towards the fire, while Edric looked up at one sweet portrait, and wondered how it was that

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those eyes always met his. Then Squire Darlington spoke again, and with a different manner.

"Everybody that has money makes Christmas a time of feasting and rejoicing, Edric," he said. "But there are many who have little food to eat and few clothes to keep them warm this Christmastide."

"Grandfather," said Edric, thoughtfully, "when I am a man, I will take a great deal of care of poor people."

It was rather a sad smile that the old Squire gave him, and yet it was very tender.

"My dear Edric," he said, "never say *when I am a man* I will do good. There is hardly any good work that a child may not help forward or help to keep back. You will try to do good *now*, will you not, my boy?" And Edric nodded his head gravely.

Then, when the Christmas Eve was almost ended, Squire Darlington kissed and blessed his little Grandson, and Edric went upstairs to bed.

And the wind sighed no more that night.

"And did he do as he said he would, when he got to be a man?" inquired Carl.

"I don't know," said the stocking—"I never heard."

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NOTES AND MEANINGS.

PAGE 5.

1. **Santa Claus.** The Dutch name for Saint Nicholas, a famous nursery hero, and the protector and good friend of children. He is represented as a fat, rosy fellow, bringing gifts to good children on Christmas Eve.
2. **Universe,** the world.
3. **Reindeer,** a kind of deer found in the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America. Santa Claus' sledge is supposed to be drawn by a reindeer.
4. **Sleigh,** a sledge. (Pronounce *slay.*)
5. **Candy,** sweets made of sugar.

PAGE 6.

1. **Maple sugar,** sugar made from the juice of the maple tree. This is very common in some parts of Canada and the United States. The sugar is dark brown, and is made into little cakes.
2. **Drift-wood,** wood from wrecks, etc., washed up on the shore by the waves.
3. **Splinter-chair,** a chair made of rough pieces of wood.
4. **Check,** a linen material woven with blue threads, crossing each other in squares.

PAGE 7.

1. **Mother Carey's Chickens.** The sailors' name for the *stormy petrel,* a kind of gull, which is able to swim on the stormiest waves.
2. **Clasp-knife,** a large pocket knife.

PAGE 8.

1. **Chinks,** spaces between.

PAGE 9.

1. **Pine-cone,** fir-cone. The fruit of the fir-tree.
2. **Surf,** broken waves on the shore.
3. **Melancholy,** sad.

PAGE 10.

1. **Stick,** his magic wand, by means of which he is supposed to do wonderful things.

PAGE 11.

1. **Undisturbed possession.** Carl had the bed all to himself.
2. **Counterpane,** the outer covering of the bed.
3. **Broiling,** cooking on the grid-iron.
4. **Head-board,** the upright board at the head of the bedstead.
5. **Cautiously,** with great caution or care.

PAGE 12.

1. **Treasures,** the presents in his stocking, which he prized very highly.

PAGE 13.

1. **Relating,** telling.
2. **Joint history,** the story of all three.
3. **Fairest-minded,** unprejudiced; most likely to tell the tale fairly and correctly.
4. **Perceive,** observe; see.

PAGE 14.

1. **Doing credit,** being a credit; one of which the family could be proud.
2. **Half matured,** only half ripe.
3. **Mahogany,** the dark brown wood of the mahogany tree, which grows in the warm parts of America.
4. **Cross-grained,** bad tempered.
5. **Disposition,** temper.

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PAGE 15.

1. **Ancestors,** fore-fathers.
2. **Thanksgiving Eve.** The evening before Thanksgiving Day, the last Thursday in November. Thanksgiving Day was first set apart by the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1621, to give thanks to the Giver of all good things for their first harvest, and since 1863 it has been observed annually in the United States.
3. **Pumpkin,** a fruit something like a melon, largely cultivated in Southern Canada and the United States, and often growing to a large size.

PAGE 16.

1. **Molasses,** treacle.

PAGE 18.

1. **Delicious,** very pleasing to the taste.
2. **Dispose,** do as you like with it.
3. **Plums,** an old name for raisins.
4. **Advise,** think you had better.

PAGE 19.

1. **Jack,** referring to the fairy-tale "Jack and the Beanstalk."

PAGE 21.

1. **Heedless,** careless.
2. **Corned-beef,** beef, salted and boiled.

PAGE 24.

1. **Fare,** succeed.
2. **Abuse,** bad names.
3. **Detail,** a particular account.
4. **Origin,** beginning; birth.
5. **Clipped,** cut to proper size.
6. **Mint,** the place where gold, silver, or bronze is made into coins for the Government.
7. **Circulating medium,** coins; money.

PAGE 28.

1. **Grieved,** sorrowful.
2. **Excitement,** angry feeling.
3. **Associate,** keep company.

PAGE 29.

1. **Refreshed,** feeling much better; become fresh again.
2. **Basking,** enjoying the warm sunshine.

PAGE 30.

1. **Modestly,** timidly; without forwardness.
2. **Museum,** a place where curiosities are kept.
3. **Canister,** a large tin case.

PAGE 31.

1. **Balanced,** held evenly.
2. **Jingled,** made a ringing noise with.

PAGE 32.

1. **Allowance,** money for herself.

PAGE 33.

1. **Absurd,** ridiculous.

PAGE 34.

1. **Courtyard,** the space in front of the house, inside the outer wall or railings.

PAGE 35.

1. **Harmless pleasure.** Things that please us and have no harm in them.

PAGE 37.

1. **Excited,** eager.

PAGE 39.

1. **Snappish,** ready to bite.

PAGE 40.

1. **Fancy-shop,** a shop where toys and fancy goods are sold.

PAGE 41.

1. **Gave her an impression,** made her think.

PAGE 42.

1. **Rifling,** stealing from.

PAGE 43.

1. **Stunted,** of small growth.

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PAGE 44.

1. **Cosy,** snug; comfortable.
2. **Decided,** settled.

PAGE 47.

1. **Cloverhead,** a flower of clover.

PAGE 51.

1. **Dismal,** sorrowful.

PAGE 56.

1. **Accustomed,** used.

PAGE 57.

1. **Fatigue,** weariness.

PAGE 59.

1. **Overseer,** foreman.
2. **Poor little mortal of a boy,** poor and sickly looking.
3. **Briskly,** smartly; quickly.
4. **Jaded,** tired out.

PAGE 60.

1. **Sober,** serious.
2. **Wistfulness,** longing.

PAGE 61.

1. **Eagerness,** keenness.
2. **Gratefully,** thankfully.

PAGE 62.

1. **Slim,** slight; slender.

PAGE 67.

1. **Survey,** look. 2. **Ado,** trouble.

PAGE 68.

1. **Fiords** (Pro. *fyŏrdz*).

PAGE 69.

1. **Hemlock.** Another name for the Norway spruce fir.
2. **Aloof,** at a short distance back.
3. **Spruce fir,** an evergreen tree, tall, erect, and with full foliage, growing like a pyramid, *i.e.*, with long branches near the ground, the branches becoming less as they near the top, so that the tree tapers upwards.
4. **Fathom**=6 feet.

PAGE 70.

1. **Winter provision,** food set apart in summer for use in winter.
2. **Alpebod,** a storehouse or kind of barn. (Pro. *ălp'-bōd,* "a" as in far, long "ō.")
3. **Ravine,** a deep, narrow valley or gorge.

PAGE 71.

1. **Beechmast,** the seeds of the beech tree.
2. **Bramble.** *See* Judges, ix., 7-15.

PAGE 72.

1. **Norrska** (Pro. *nōrs'-kă*).
2. **Luur.** (Pro. *lōōr,* "ōō" as in shoot.)

PAGE 74.

1. **Sneeflocken.** (Pro. *snay'-flŏck-en*), snowflake.
2. **Laaft.** (Pro. *lāhft,* "a" as in father).
3. **Lofoden** (Pro. *lō-fō'-dĕn*). The Lofoden Is., off the N.W. coast of Norway.
4. **Kline** (Pro. *klee'-nă*).
5. **Chamois** (Pro. *shăm'-waw*). A goat-like species of antelope found in the Alps. NOTE. — The pronunciation *sham'-oy* is not so good as the one above, but in speaking of wash-leather it is always *sham'-my* leather.
6. **Golden plover,** a small, wading bird, with long, slender legs, of the same family as the lapwing and the oyster-catcher.

PAGE 75.

1. **Eider-duck,** a duck with very fine down on its breast, found in the Orkneys, Shetlands, Faroes, and on the coast of Norway.

PAGE 80.

1. **Experience.** Knew more about things because he had seen more.
2. **Valencia,** a province in the east of Spain, with a capital of the same name.

PAGE 81.

1. **Cork jacket,** a kind of jacket with many strips of cork sewn into it.
2. **Discontentedly,** not satisfied; displeased.

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NOTES AND MEANINGS.

PAGE 82.

1. **Presume,** suppose; think.
2. **Musk,** a substance obtained from the musk-deer and used as a perfume.

PAGE 84.

1. **Whimsically,** oddly; in a peculiar manner.

PAGE 85.

1. **Retainers,** dependants.
2. **Yew,** an evergreen tree, with poisonous leaves and berries.
3. **Discreetly,** prudently; carefully.

PAGE 86.

1. **Citron,** the thick rind of the fruit of the citron-tree (a kind of lemon), boiled in sugar to make it keep, and used like candied-peel.
2. **Cloves,** a spice for flavouring; they are the dried flower buds of an evergreen tree (a kind of myrtle).
3. **Allspice,** the seeds of a tree which grows in the West Indies, used for flavouring.
4. **Cinnamon,** a spice; the sweet, inner bark of a kind of laurel tree.
5. **Audacious,** bold; daring.
6. **St. George.** The Patron Saint of England. See No. 32 of this series.

PAGE 87.

1. **Helmet,** a kind of cap to protect the head.
2. **Streaming,** hanging; floating.

PAGE 89.

1. **Masquers,** the players. Persons who played in games of this kind often wore masks. The play here described is a very old one indeed in England, and used to be performed in every part of the country at Christmas.

PAGE 90.

1. **Lace frill,** a kind of collar made of lace.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE SERIES.

SUSAN WARNER (better known by her pen-name of Elizabeth Wetherell) was an American authoress, born at New York, in 1819. She wrote a large number of tales, many of which are of a religious character, but none of them are so popular as her first book, "*The Wide Wide World.*" This novel, published in 1851, proved (next to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin,*" published by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in the same year) one of the most successful American stories that have ever been written. "*Queechy*" was issued in 1852, and, for many years after, a long succession of pleasing tales and stories were given to the public. Most of these are now forgotten. the only ones that are at all popular (except the two mentioned above), being "*The Old Helmet*" (1863) and "*Melbourne House*" (1864).

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